Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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"MORE PERFECT PEACE"

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

AN American soldier once said: "War's legitimate object is more perfect peace". What an odd idea in this funny old world of ours, squabbling away merrily and arming to the teeth just after the greatest of wars! And the discrepancy between war's object and its present effect has its counterpart in the psychology of the nations now enjoying this "more perfect peace". They group themselves into those who concur with General Sherman about war's legitimate object, and those who would write it "a more perfect piece."

In the first group there are a few strong and fairly prosperous nations. They have done well by themselves in the race for power and place in the past century. They fought the last war in defense of their possessions and their conception of life. They emerged somewhat battered, perhaps, but with those things in their hands for which, to have or to hold, they waged that war. Their great aim in life is now, and generally has been for some time past, to hold what they have. They have reached the point in civilization and national development at which international war becomes a horror and peace almost a prime necessity. They have all the potential sources of prosperous development which they need for some generations to come. Their desire for peace may be selfish; but after all someone must be on top, and at least they mean to be benevolent in their selfishness.

There are also a few smaller states which, in their degree, have

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gone as far along the path of modern progress as any. In general, they managed to keep clear of the World War, and they have reached the point of being willing to forswear the brigandage idea in their national development. They want peace; but they are not Great Powers, and they cannot do much toward securing it.

Finally we have the rest of our pleasant Society of Nations—all kinds and conditions of men. There are those who have tried war and failed. They regret not so much the methods by which they tried to climb to power, as that their feet slipped. In their minds there can be no international coöperation with the sword laid aside. There are also those sad wrecks of modern war who are struggling through the slough of Bolshevism. They have sunk to the conception of elemental, brutal force as the sole agent of government, and they are bucking the current of the world. The rest of the group consists of a variety of peoples who still look on war as an international institution by means of which either they or their rivals will be aggrandized. There is a distinct connection between their ambitions and the swords at their sides.

The nations of this last group cannot be expected to make sacrifices for the suppression of war. They are either steeped in narrow nationalism or they are Bolshevik, which amounts to the same thing from the point of view of permanent peace. But they are neither to be scorned nor condemned. They live as we live, each according to his own lights. They are not all consciously predatory, perhaps; but they have seen great nations expand and prosper by the use of force, and they have seen war used to crush a rival in the bitter economic struggle. To them the sword means either conquest or the final arbiter in the struggle for life. We have what we want, and we can afford to develop peacefully and to trade. They want more in their hands before they settle down to that shrewd game. We arm to hold, they arm to get. We should recognize, but we should not condemn their chauvinism. For while our broader commercialism benefits the world, its motive force, like theirs, is self advancement.

Not a pleasant survey, this? Well, the world does move: and at least we should be thankful that there are a few strong, progressive states which have reached a degree of civilization that brings their interests and their inclinations in accord on the mat-

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ter of suppressing international war, if they can but find a sure way. They see that the forces liberated by war may soon be powerful enough to wreck society, and that there is need to control war. A new idea is abroad in the world, grappling with new forces. And these leaders are backed by a few more nations, willing enough to subscribe to war-suppression, even though they are unable to render much aid. Let us admit frankly that the rest of the map is covered by those peoples who think that international peace is an idle dream, and that the one great game is still successful brigandage.

What is to come of it all? America has learned what modern war and modern supremacy mean. How will she play her part? Obviously we must improve on any pre-war system; do something better than drift along in the old way, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost—or the foremost, if he can be caught off his guard. Of course there are optimists who say that we are not drifting, but educating the world towards coöperation, peaceful competition and the suppression of war. It may be so. No one can say how rapidly or how slowly man can be educated along a given line. But to the soldier the time allotted for this education seems short. An enormous amount of progress must be made within the next generation. For each generation forgets the preceding one's disgust for war, and plunges into "that mad game the world so loves to play". Another great war, breaking out within the next thirty years, will go a long way towards destroying not only pacific education but civilization as well. Civilization just pulled through that last war. It was not that so many millions were killed, but that the violent disruption of all the activities of peace, coupled with the destruction of life and property, was quite sufficient to shake civilization to its foundations.

Since practically all the industries and an ever increasing proportion of the population are now usable in war, it follows that the present enormous acceleration in the progress of mechanics, chemistry and transportation has a double effect. Both the possibilities of destruction and the masses employable are being increased in an accelerated tempo. The increase in destructive power was clearly shown in the improvement in weapons in the

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World War. As to the masses employable, it is also clear that improved transportation means more men at the front, and more men at the front means more men and women working for them in the mines and munition shops and on the farms in the rear. Defense against increased destruction generally takes the form of counter-destruction, and increase in the masses employable leads to increased disruption of all normal activities. So on both counts any existing social order must bear an ever-increasing shock.

Modern war, the war of modern nations in arms, bears about the same relation to the warfare which preceded it that the locomotive bears to the one-horse shay. The disruptive effect of its mass and of its velocity is already terrific. In the last war it brought Europe to the verge of disintegration and shattered the Russian Empire. By the time the next great war comes along the present acceleration in progress will enable it to produce a disruption in society which will dwarf the world's present troubles.

The soldier, seeing the application to war of the progress which is being made in the apparently peaceful shops of chemical, electrical and mechanical industry, cannot persuade himself that man will be educated out of his old itch to battle before these new forces reach a degree of disintegrating power which may destroy our present civilization. Science is intertwining more and more the forces of peaceful progress and of destructive disintegration. We want to use the one and to avoid the other; but have we the will to do it? Can we set ourselves to learn "the tricks of the tool's true play"? Can we "lead who will be led, and drive the rest"? The pacific education of mankind is too slow. The *homo sapiens* who was so stupid only a few years ago as to allow a petty Balkan quarrel to set his whole house on fire, and who has been doing much this same sort of thing for as far back as history runs, may attain wisdom in the next generation; but it is not likely. How can we lay a sure foundation of national safety and of international peace? We would prefer not to do it by means of overbearing armaments. We could, of course, build up armaments so formidable that no combination of Powers would dare to make war on us. But we do not altogether trust great armaments; they sometimes bring about their own wars. And they are very expensive.

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Nor do we much like the idea of securing international peace by military commitments with foreign nations, in the form proposed in the Versailles League Covenant. Practically all the nations are, or may be, in the Versailles League—the good, the bad and the indifferent from the point of view of war suppression. It is one thing to coöperate with them all in the suppression of opium, or the white slave traffic, or even in the supervision of mandates over backward people, and quite another thing to commit ourselves to take active military measures when one of our less stable friends gets into trouble. We might go in with them all on trade agreements, but there are some of them who do not look like good peace partners.

Then again the Versailles Covenant is vague about war suppression. We want to know exactly how far we are committing ourselves before we promise to go in again and make the world safe for democracy. The aftermath of the last war has been almost as involved as the war itself. We were in the war a little over a year and a half, and we have so far spent rather more than two and a half years trying to clear ourselves of the wreckage. We can not quite see that "more perfect peace" for which we thought we were legitimately fighting.

But it would seem that a possible solution of the problem might lie in coöperation with those few states which apparently are set on the paths of peace, and which have the power to effect it. After all, the great need is for some sort of organization capable of preventing the terribly destructive and disruptive wars which only a few nations are capable of waging. The little wars of little states, fought with cruder weapons and more local effect, can be stamped out later. And it happens that those very people whose arsenals contain and whose workshops produce the most destructive munitions are (with possibly one or two exceptions) those who would prefer to blast their fortunes from nature rather than from foreign states. In this age the ingenuity and industry which makes for higher civilization is inseparable from that which produces the most destructive weapons and which is capable of using the greatest masses in war.

Furthermore, in the suppression of war, a small group has a distinct advantage over a large one. For the addition of any

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nation to an international group complicates the coöperation within the group by bringing in its own national ideals, interests and prejudices. A few progressive nations which really want peace might successfully coöperate, each having the desire for peace and very real peace-compelling strength. But half a dozen of them are probably strong enough to throttle any war which might involve any one of them. Beyond that half dozen, any further additions to the group would bring along their own complications, but no needed strength. And the farther down the line you went the less strength would you get with each prospective recruit, and the more complications. You would not have to go very far before you reached people who could not possibly help, because they are not yet educated up to it, and who would certainly bring in most explosive complications. It seems obvious, therefore, that the smaller the group and the more its members were in thorough accord on a single task, the easier and the more effectively could it function.

. The problem is difficult, and all unnecessary complications should be eliminated from its solution if it is to be workable. And we may eliminate complications not only in the choice of associates but also in the degree of our responsibility to them. We might limit our war-suppressing commitments to certain definite measures, to be taken in only a certain definite eventuality. We might agree to act only when we or one of our associates became involved in war as a belligerent—no international politics, no balancing of power, no foreign meddling, no sitting in judgment on any nation, but just an agreement for clean cut, direct action to throttle war when it involved one of us. And after it was throttled, no reparations, adjustments or punishments. We might simply agree to stop the fight and then go on about our own business. For the only possible way to prevent war is to make successful military aggression impossible. Make it impossible to gain anything whatever by winning a war, and war cannot be waged. This can be done, given the will to do it, if the inherent nature of modern war is understood and if that knowledge is utilized.

Modern war means the employment for war purposes of a very large (and ever-increasing) part of a nation's energy and resources.

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Hence it is enormously expensive, not only in money but also in irreplaceable life, labor and materials. Being enormously expensive, it must be brought to a successful conclusion in a comparatively short (and ever-decreasing) space of time. Now if you increase that time factor by bringing in other Powers which must be subdued before the war can be won, you make the winning of the war impossible. Combine your Powers so as to make it obvious to a nation that a successful war cannot be waged, because the terrific exhaustion of resources will make it impossible to overcome the resistance offered by the combination of Powers, and war is stultified.

This is just what a combination of Powers can do, always supposing that they have the will to do it. They can make the short, sharp, aggressive action essential to the winning of a modern war impossible by enlarging the field of necessary action, and consequently extending the duration of the war beyond the point of military exhaustion. In broad outline, this is what happened to the Central Powers. The Germans thoroughly understood what the attrition of modern war would mean, but they thought that they and their allies could win by a short campaign in France, followed by an easy victory in western Russia. By combination of Powers, the extent of conquest necessary to their victory was increased until it included not only France and Russia but also England and Italy, and finally America; and the attrition of the long drawn-out war broke them.

What has happened since has not been all conducive to the maintenance of peace, but the practical peace-compelling lesson of the war is unmistakable. If a few strong Powers care to do so, they can make it clear to the world that nothing whatever can be gained by war with any one of them—they can eliminate war as a practical solution of any problem touching them. And if they have the will to do this, it will rarely if ever be challenged—the risks are too gigantic.

Economic competition is ruthless. As it intensifies, war often becomes the path of least resistance, either because a competing nation has been driven to the economic wall or because the speculation of war offers possibilities of gain which outweigh the risks of loss. Make war the path of greatest resistance by eliminating

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the possibilities of gain, and you block it, you close the war path as a means of egress from any situation. The struggle for existence would be none the less intense, but it would be a struggle of the plough and the mine and the factory, and not of the sword.

Wars which do not spring from economic causes can also be blocked. War now offers a means of settling matters when arbitration or mutual concessions are unacceptable. But if the sword thrown into the scales would obviously be more than balanced by military counter-weights of a combination of Powers, it would be useless as a means of settlement. Far better go to The Hague in the first place, and have done with it.

The will to suppress war is lacking now, or rather it is confused by the fog of complications which arise from national jealousies, ambitions and fears. But necessities press upon us, and may soon rouse the will to cut straight through the fog and to group together a small number of powers for the single purpose of suppressing war. If we could do this we might indeed be leaders in a new world, built not on the destruction of existing civilization but on the best that we have so far evolved. If we could coöperate with all the rest of the nations in all the humanities except the fundamental function of preserving international peace, and admit them to that function only after long probation had proved their real fitness, we might indeed educate the world.

In the meantime, what of limitation of armament? Here again we must seek coöperation. We have tried disarming all by ourselves several times. Fifteen years after the Civil War our land and naval forces had almost reached the vanishing point; and then we had to build them up again, in the most expensive way, out of almost nothing. Independent limitation of armament is a failure. It gives us either very insecure or very expensive national protection. It certainly gets us nowhere in the matter of leading the world away from armament. And it manifestly has neither kept us out of war nor helped us when we went in.

On the other hand, can limitation of armament precede war-suppression? Must we not first make war impossible, or at least highly unprofitable and improbable, and so bring about a natural and inevitable limitation of armament?

A workable agreement to check the modern race in armament

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would certainly be a great economy and a great boon to a world impoverished by war. But let us be perfectly frank about it—it would not prevent war. For modern science cannot be disarmed. So long as commercial transportation is capable of throwing millions of men into the field and maintaining them there, and so long as machines can turn out the necessary munitions in quantity production, the essential weapons of war remain, no matter to what degree standing armies and navies may be cut down during periods of peace. Providing there is sufficient time in which to arm, it is the will to use the weapons, and not the weapons themselves, that makes war possible. It was the Germans' failure to understand this in 1917 which led them to make their fatal blunder about America.

Suppose we do reach a working agreement with a group of nations to limit armament, but do not devise any positive means of preventing war. We would relieve our tax burdens, as we did when we alone limited our armament. But we only relieved them temporarily, for we had to build up our armament again because war was still a probability with which we had to reckon. Now, when any one of our future associates in limiting armament becomes involved in war, or even seriously threatened, and arms hastily (as of course she must if there were no real prevention of war), would not armaments have to be built up again, all around? We might not take the risks we took when we disarmed alone, but we would have to arm again, as we did before—supposing that no effective curb were placed on the will to war.

The first essential is the most elementary coöperation with those nations whose use and whose need for arms are much the same as ours. The problem of disarmament, national security and international peace must be faced as a whole, and the first and fundamental step in its solution is to draw together those few nations which, like ourselves, arm for the maintenance of peace. It should be obvious that this coöperation would not prevent us from working at the same time towards more perfect arbitration agreements, or towards the perfection of the Permanent Court or of councils of conciliation. Nor would it prevent us from reaching reasonable understandings with other nations on limitation of armament. On the contrary, it would put a

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firm foundation of will under all movements leading towards just peace and the elimination of physical force in international relations.

Nor would such coöperation constitute a superstate. We should be able to get a very fair basis of international peace long before most of us were ready to confederate the world and delegate the better part of our national sovereignty to an international body. It is true that we would have to give up our right to make war whenever we saw fit, because unfortunately no one has yet discovered any way by which we can really have peace and still reserve the right to make war independently. We cannot eat our cake and keep it, too. And since war-suppression must be coöperative if it is to improve on the present self-centred and self-sufficient régime, it is also true that we would have to coöperate with other nations in the suppression, by blockade first and by arms if necessary, of any war which involved us or one of our associates. This would probably mean placing the decision as to the fact of the existence of a state of war in the hands of an international board of some sort. But this is a long way from the establishment of a superstate.

Our pledge to make war, if necessary, for a certain principle and under a certain condition, would be but a development of the Monroe Doctrine and of the European treaties guaranteeing the neutrality of certain states. We have practically notified the world that we will go to war to protect Latin America from European aggression; as England did for Belgium. From this form of protection it is but a short step to the commitment for the suppression of war. Beyond that there are several very long steps indeed before you reach the superstate.

But would not all this be just the old game of certain strong Powers banding together in an offensive and defensive alliance? Not quite. A group of nations, each one of which renounced independent war with any nation, which acted as a group with the sole object of crushing out any war that involved any of its members, and which was prepared to deal with equal ruthlessness towards an outside bandit or towards one of its own members which broke loose on the old war path, would be something new in the world. It would be difficult to mind one's own business and to

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intervene only for war-suppression, and not beyond that suppression, but at least it would be original.

Of course national pledges have been especially hard hit in the credit market since 1914. But there are some nations which might pledge themselves to coöperate in the suppression of war, and keep their pledges. For the keeping of these particular pledges would really depend, not on the sanity of any one nation under the stress of war excitement, but on the dispassionate decision of the rest of the group. It would not be a decision of any people suffering from war fever and blinded by their own conception of justice or interest, but simply the question put up to the rest of the group, outside of the heat of the quarrel, whether or not they would abide by their own pledges and suppress that war in the common interest of all. The sort of pledge which binds a nation to do what it knows to be to its own interest in the long run, is not apt to be disavowed in cold blood.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that there is a vast difference, with a man or a nation, between right decision in impartial and impersonal defense of principle, and right decision in the heat and passion of quarrel. If we had all reached the higher plane, if we could all be trusted to keep the peace and to do right even when our personal interests or passions were directly involved, many things would be quite different. But while the world is as it is, we should not build on the theory that any nation can be trusted to follow principle only through the heat and irritation of a war-fever. Those not involved in the issue, however, see matters much more sanely. The most advanced of them, at least, might well keep dispassionately their pledges.

Besides, if a small group of the most progressive nations would not put themselves out to suppress war, how is it going to be suppressed? By Versailles Leagues, with their confusion of all the world's tongues? By that system of self-seeking alliances and counter-alliances which is called the Balance of Power, and which did not balance in 1914? By painless panaceas, resting on pledges of good conduct—with certain mental reservations and no real checks? Or by the education of man to higher standards? The soldier smiles, and overhauls his field-kit.

SHERMAN MILES.

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SEA POWER AND DISARMAMENT

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

WHEN the Five Principal Powers gather at the Conference for Limitation of Armament, at the invitation of President Harding, there will open the most important gathering of the kind that has taken place in the history of the world. The significance of the Conference is due mainly to the fact that there is good prospect that it may bear fruit in preventing war, at least during one or more generations.

Hope that these great Powers may be able to reach an amicable arrangement, and reduce the expense of armament, is nourished by a condition which has never existed before when measures for prevention of war have been brought forward. This condition is that the world is deathly sick of war, and the people of every land are tired beyond measure of paying huge taxes for the costly armies and navies they support to-day.

To illustrate the enormous debts contracted during the World War, the following table, taken from the *World Almanac*, shows the national debts, in dollars, of the Five Principal Powers before and after the long struggle with the Central Powers:

	Pre-War Debt	Post-War Debt	National Wealth	P.c. of National Wealth Owed
United States	1,028,564,000	24,299,321,467	350 billions	7%
British Empire	3,485,818,000	39,314,000,000	120 billions	33%
Japan	1,241,997,000	1,300,000,000	23 billions	4%
Italy	1,475,272,000	18,102,000,000	35 billions	52%
France	6,346,129,000	46,025,000,000	92 billions	50%

Notwithstanding these huge debts, Japan is spending about 48% of her national income on armament, whereas Germany, when she considered herself ready to whip the rest of the world, was spending only 31% of her national income on the Army and Navy.

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The probability that some practical results may be derived from the Conference is increased by the comparatively small number of nations to be represented. We need not be discouraged because the League of Nations is generally admitted to be a failure. There never was the ghost of a chance that such a great number of nations, possessing such a diversity of interests and such inequality in national power, could agree on anything.

The likelihood of reaching an agreement in such a conference is in inverse ratio to the number of Powers represented, and in direct proportion to their community of interests. On the face of it, it would appear that the original number proposed by Senator Borah gave better promise of doing practical business, in the way of reduction of armament, than the increased number now invited to the Conference; but the President, no doubt, had good reason for inviting France and Italy to join in the discussion. The reason for increasing the number at the Conference table, by these two nations, may have been the military one that France and Italy undoubtedly control the situation on land in Europe; or it may have been because Mr. Harding and his advisers estimated that the interests of France and Italy run parallel with those of America, and that, by including them, the power for enforcing peace and partial disarmament would be increased by having representatives from these two Powers—for, after all is said and done, the whole agreement must be based on the power, both moral and physical, of the conferring nations to enforce the conclusions of their representative .

That America will have a tremendous influence, in regard both to settlement of Pacific Ocean policies and to actual disarmament, can be seen from a casual glance at the preced ng table of liabilities and assets. The greatest soldier that ever buckled on a sword, Napoleon, once said, in effect, that what is needed to carry on a successful war is money, money and more money. If we assume that the world's greatest strat gist was correct in this statement, then by subtracting post war debts from national assets we shall see that the remaining available sinews of war are: America, 325 billions; British Empire, 80 billions; France, 46 billions; Japan, 22 billions; and Italy, 17 billions of dollars. In other words, if we, as a people, are as patriotic as those of other

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countries and are willing, if need arises, to spend our last dollar in a righteous war, we have available for the purpose nearly twice as much as all the other Principal Powers combined.

Referring again to the number of Powers represented in the Conference, the strong ones, when international influence is considered, are those possessing sea power.

It takes only a little knowledge of the world's history to force home the conclusion that the international trade arteries, fed by the world's commerce, can be controlled only by those nations which possess armed sea power; and as far as naval might is concerned, the British Empire, Japan and America are in a class by themselves. Italy and France wield a great influence on European politics and, when added to the Conference on Limitation of Armament, their moral effect will unquestionably have great weight, but their power at sea and consequent influence outside of Europe for peace or war cannot be compared with the influence of the three Sea Powers.

TABLE OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

TYPE	Great Britain			United States			France			Italy			Japan		
	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total
Dreadnought Battleships (14″ guns & up)	14	..	14	11	10	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	8
Dreadnought Battleships (smaller guns)	14	..	14	8	..	8	10	..	10	5	..	5	3	..	3
Pre-Dreadnought Battleships	[1] 28	..	28	[1] 21	..	21	6	..	6	3	..	3	12	..	12
Battle Cruisers (14″ guns & up)	4	..	4	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	6
Battle Cruisers (smaller guns)	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Light Cruisers	62	7	69	3	10	13	11	..	11	20	2	22	10	3	13
Destroyers	190	..	190	287	30	317	88	..	88	50	..	50	99	..	99
Submarines	98	..	98	100	66	166	36	4	40	39	..	39	13	..	13
Plane Carriers (fast)	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Plane Carriers (slow)	7	..	7	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1

[1] Many of these are to be scrapped.

The list of fighting ships possessed by the Powers at the opening of the Conference will read about as above.

This table was compiled from Brassey's *Naval Annual*, and Jane's *Fighting Ships;* it is probably slightly in error now, but

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it gives a very good idea of how the representatives will be armed when they enter the Conference.

While the table gives a rough measure of the comparative naval fighting power of these nations in home waters, it might easily be misleading to a Conference delegate who lacked a knowledge of naval strategy. Unfortunately there are not many of our leading statesmen who have a good foundation in the principles of sea warfare. There have been many interesting books written on this subject, and the late Admiral Mahan is probably acknowledged to be the world's greatest authority; but his books have been much more widely read in England, Germany and Japan, than in America.

It is no disparagement to our public men to state that they are not versed in naval strategy, for they have led busy lives along other lines. The case of the geographical strategic centre of the West Central Pacific Ocean, our little island of Guam, serves to show the very faulty ideas of naval warfare held by the members of the American Congress.

Suppose we assume that a modern fleet can steam 2,000 miles, fight an action, and return to its base for the repairs that all naval history has shown to be a necessity after a battle. Now take the map of the Pacific Ocean, with Guam as a centre, and describe a circle with a 2,000 mile radius. It will be seen that this circle cuts the northern island of the Japanese Empire, crosses Korea, China, Borneo and Australia, and that Guam is clearly the naval strategic centre of the Western Pacific.

From Guam, prepared as a naval base, the influence of the American fleet would be felt from Kamchatka to the Straits of Singapore. Guam is one of Nature's Gibraltars; yet, notwithstanding the fact that we have owned the island twenty-three years, Congress, in its lack of knowledge of naval strategy, has left the island in such a defenseless state that a corporal's guard could take it.

Admiral Jellicoe's worries over a base for the Grand Fleet during the recent war point out plainly that a modern fleet cannot wage war successfully unless there is a convenient base at which it can repair and rest and "gird up its loins" for battle. Congress may or may not realize the necessity for a base near

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where the fleet may have to fight, but no provision has been made for naval bases elsewhere than on our own coasts and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The digression I have just made shows the necessity for the presence in the approaching Conference of American representatives who can look at the Table of Naval Armaments through the eyes of naval strategists. In the study of the table at the Conference, it is highly essential for the safety and protection of American interests that the American representatives should understand the value of a well-balanced fleet; and the advantage of strategical position must also be kept in mind. Let us assume, for instance, that an agreement will be reached by which naval armament will be reduced in a certain ratio. Then, for the sake of study of comparative armaments, let our imagination carry us further to a point where our national policy is directly opposed to the policy of a nation across the sea, and neither nation will yield in its policy. Both common sense and history teach us that the matter must be settled by force. In a case like this, if America should be forced to fight across the sea where she has no bases, then her naval force must be superior, by long odds, to that of her adversary.

While the Table of Armaments looks rather favorable to America in point of number of fighting ships, it must be kept in mind that it requires a long time to take a modern man-of-war, tied up to the dock with only caretakers aboard, and beat her into shape to join the battle-line. Estimated roughly, the personnel provided by the last appropriation bill will man about half our ships. A partial disarmament will naturally tie up more ships to rot and rust, and in a disarmed condition the other two great sea powers have an advantage over us in that a larger percentage of their population are seafaring men. On a call to arms they have ready-made seamen, while we must train our men as seamen, in addition to the much more complicated task of training them as men-o'-warsmen.

No nation can afford to send untrained men to fight its battles at sea. In 1904, Russia tried it at the Straits of Tsushima, and lost her fleet. A hundred and nine years ago Captain Lawrence, one of the most promising officers in our young Navy, sailed out

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of Boston with a green crew in the *Chesapeake* to do battle against the well drilled crew of the *Shannon*. The ships began to fight at 5.50 p. m. and at 6.02 p. m. the British ship captured the *Chesapeake* by boarding. Lawrence, in his death throes, uttered those immortal words "Don't give up the ship!" but the green crew hauled down the flag just the same.

As to the handling of questions of national policy in the Conference, a naval officer has nothing to say, for these questions belong to our statesmen. If our policies can be brought into amicable agreement with those of the rest of the Five Principal Powers, it will be a splendid achievement for the Conference, and there is probably no other class of people in this land who would more gladly see the sword beaten into the plowshare than the sea-going personnel of the Navy, provided it can be done with safety. We do hope, however, that the agreements reached in council will be conservative so far as our first line of defense is concerned—for if we are ever needed at sea, with untrained crews like that of the unfortunate *Chesapeake*, it will not be the representative who makes unsound agreements at the disarmament table who shoulders the blame. The blame will be laid on the shoulders of the unhappy Commander-in-Chief defeated at sea—and his will be the court-martial.

A. W. Hinds.

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE AFTER THE WAR

BY HON. CHARLES H. SHERRILL

DURING the Boer War, Mr. Lloyd George made himself unpopular in many quarters by favoring a generous policy towards those doughty foes, urging that it afforded the only sound basis for amicable relations after the victory. Recent events have strikingly vindicated the wisdom of his policy. It was chiefly to General Smuts, the former Boer leader and now Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, that Lloyd George owed the acceptance by Eamonn de Valera and the Dail Eireann of the British invitation to a conference at Number Ten Downing Street, the hub of the British Empire. It is a *secret de polichinelle* that when there assembled in London in June, 1921, the governmental chiefs of the several Dominions, among their very first recommendations was that early adjustment of the Irish problem be reached on almost any terms except the granting of absolute freedom to an Irish republic. This was especially urged by General Smuts and by Mr. Meighen, the Canadian Premier, and it does not require much Yankee guessing to conclude that it was to the former that Lloyd George turned for assistance in that crisis. It certainly was the South African General who went over to Dublin and conferred with Mr. de Valera and his friends, and was promptly followed back to London by the Irish chief, when there began the conferences which Lloyd George had thitherto been unable to arrange. Certain it is that General Smuts was the obvious man for that diplomatic task, not only as friendly recognition of the British statesman's pro-Boer attitude in the past, but also because he alone of all the Dominion leaders could say, "The British promised us, who are not British and who fought them, complete self-government, and they have kept their promise. You too are non-British, have fought them, and want self-government. Take my advice and come into conference with them for that purpose. We gained the end for which we fought

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after we stopped fighting, and we believe that with our friendly coöperation, you can do the same." Lloyd George did not waste the political bread he threw upon (or across) the water during the Boer War. On the contrary, the British Empire would now seem to owe to it a possibility of composing the centuries-old Irish imbroglio.

Few statesmen's photographs depict the man so fairly as that of the stocky Boer, a leader like our own Washington—resourceful both in war and in a succeeding peace more strenuous than the fighting that gave it birth. Born in 1870 in South Africa, he completed his education begun there by taking a Double First Law Tripos at Christ's College, Cambridge. Knowing the English well, both as one who lived among them during impressionable student days and later as their foe in battle, he pays them the great compliment of trusting to their genius as Colonial administrators. As a lover of his South Africa, he realizes that interdependence with so strong an entity as the British Empire is better for the fortune of a country needing unlimited capital than an unaided independence. In 1906 he wrote, "Our strength lies not in isolation but in union." He has learned and typifies what it would be well for certain Philippine separatists, yearning to be lambs turned loose in the forest, carefully to ponder. Those who have sat with him in council, friends and foes alike, testify that he is apt to wait until the views of all the others have been advanced and the problem fully presented before offering his own suggestions thereon, which suggestions are generally so simple and effective as greatly to clarify the issue if not entirely to meet it.

A consideration of the personalities of Lloyd George and the other British Premiers who met with him between June 20 and August 5, 1921, affords as fair a way as any to envisage their handling of the great problem they there confronted: How is the after-war British Empire to do its business? It has functioned well in the past, and has recently safely weathered a dreadful crisis, but the new conditions demand new methods. Plainly, the enhanced significance within the Empire gained for the Dominions from their splendid aid to the Homeland during the war must be tangibly recognized. Not only is this felt in London,

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as was proved by the invitation to assemble there addressed to those leaders of Greater Britain, but also the distant peoples themselves realize their new standing and require practical recognition thereof. No longer can a few eminent Londoners, elected to Parliament from districts in the British Isles outside as well as within London, notify the Dominions of actions taken by them upon matters affecting the entire Empire. No matter what else was settled at that conference, one thing is certain: The Dominions must hereafter be consulted before and not after decision by London upon imperial problems. It was impossible to see the Dominion Premiers, to say nothing of having speech with them, without coming to that conclusion.

As for their personalities, let us begin by noting that they are all typically Prime Ministers, obviously men who never forgot that they were responsible to their Parliaments at home, and that their leadership depended upon retaining their parliamentary majorities. In this they differed from our President and our Governors, who are elected for a definite period and therefore have so much time in which to develop a policy that may at its inception be unpopular, for they run no risk of losing office over night as does a Prime Minister under the British parliamentary system. This means that the bold stand taken at this conference by certain of those leaders was really bolder than had it been taken by leaders under our system. But, passing on from the group to the individuals, all similarity ceases, for they were as different as possible. Two men could hardly be more unlike than the thin, wiry, active Mr. Meighen, he of the vast Canadian provinces, and the older and burlier Mr. Massey of New Zealand, smallest of the Dominions in population, and the only one with restricted geographical limitations. Mr. Massey, the farmer, has been in power a longer period than most Prime Ministers enjoy, over ten years, and has had a peculiarly well-rounded experience, serving as Minister of Lands and Labor, Agriculture and Commerce. Born in Ireland in 1856, he went out to New Zealand in 1870 to join his parents, who had emigrated a few years earlier with Nonconformist settlers. Equally different in appearance is the squarely built South African Dutchman, General Smuts, ardent in his defense of Imperial unity at home

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as he is of Dominion rights abroad, from the slender, gaunt Mr. Hughes, the Australian Laborite, as hard of hearing as his opinions are hard to change.

Nevertheless, differing as are their personalities, all are statesmen of one type, *i.e.*, Ministers responsible alone to representative assemblies of their own people. That is exactly what the British Prime Minister used to be before the war, when he had only the majority in his London Parliament to consider. But is it still the case with Mr. Lloyd George to-day? Has not his responsibility broadened? His personality seems to say so to the average American student of any political experience. A great national crisis would appear to have developed his high office into a sort of Presidency of Greater Britain. Certain is it that he no longer needs frequently to attend sessions of Parliament, as used to be necessary. Talking with him on the terrace of Number Ten Downing Street, his official residence, just outside the conference room in which were assembling those other British Premiers come hither to this centre of the British web from over thousands of ocean miles, one could not but feel that his relation to them had become similar to that of an American President to the Legislative and Judicial branches of our Government; that "the advice and consent" of these men has now become necessary to him, rather than that he should satisfy only his coalition majority at Westminster.

The Lloyd George one talks with is a very different man from him of whom one reads in the cabled news. The first impression is that of physical strength and alertness, a quick change of pose unusual in a Britisher, well shown in Sir William Goscombe John's admirable bust of him. As he talks, he steps away and back again, now advancing one shoulder and now the other, the in-and-out action of a trained boxer. Almost always the head leans away from you, just as Colonel Roosevelt's was apt to do, which lends an impression of greater height; but Lloyd George's head generally inclines to one side or the other, which Roosevelt's did not. Roosevelt made his points by suddenly leaning toward his man and baring his teeth, but Lloyd George makes his by leaning back and screwing up his eyes, the better to observe how you take him. His physical action in no way denotes that he is a

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golfer, and yet that game is a great passion with him. America is not the only country where it is politically wise to be a golf playmate of the Executive! One of Lloyd George's most intimate friends, (the owner and editor of *The News of the World*, a weekly with 3,000,000 circulation,) was raised by him to the peerage as Lord Riddell of Walton Heath, taking his title from the links of that name where they golfed together, and thither L. G. (as he is frequently called) repairs for his favorite sport whenever cares of office permit.

He spoke to me in the highest terms of the behavior of the Boers at the close of the South African war, when in good faith they accepted the British invitation to a conference behind the lines with Kitchener and Roberts, and then thereafter "carried on" with equal loyalty, especially since the government of their country had been completely given over to them by their military conquerors. Spoken just when it was, on June 29, 1921, it seemed a background for the Irish reluctance then to accept a similar invitation to confer with him in London. He asked straightforward, significant questions about American public opinion upon different points, but it must be admitted those questions indicated that notwithstanding his gratifying interest in our views he knew little of our general desire that decent settlement be made of the Irish controversy. Indeed, Mr. Meighen, the Canadian Premier, remarked later, while giving hearty endorsement to Lloyd George's earnest desire to be informed upon American public opinion, "They have the best of intentions toward America, but London does not understand America's point of view."

None of the visiting Colonial statesmen made such an impression upon the British metropolis as this Canadian, not only upon officialdom but also upon the man in the street; "It's only because they have seen the other fellows before," was his modest disclaimer. It was generally believed that it was Mr. Meighen's insistence added to General Smuts's that the Irish question be settled, that caused Lloyd George's written invitation to Eamonn de Valera, the Sinn Fein leader of the South, and Sir James Craig, the Ulster chief, for a conference in London. Born in Anderson, Ontario, in 1874, and graduated with honors in mathe-

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matics from Toronto University in 1896, Mr. Meighen farmed, taught school, and what not, for four years, when he turned to the law. In 1908, then thirty-four years old, he entered the Dominion Parliament, and proceeding upward through one political office after another, always as a friend of Sir Robert Borden, became in 1920 Canadian Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His face is thoughtful, and his appearance reflects itself in the happy selection of words for which his speeches are widely known.

Just as Mr. Meighen with General Smuts led the demand for an Irish settlement, so Messrs. Meighen and Hughes are believed to have led that against the renewing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in any shape that might offend America. It is generally understood, however, that Mr. Meighen went much further than Mr. Hughes, and favored dropping that alliance altogether. In this second matter, of course, General Smuts and his people are too far distant from the Pacific Ocean to feel the effect of Japanese economic penetration, and cannot be expected to realize why Australia is perforce unanimous for the "White Australia" policy. Although Mr. Meighen is uncommunicative to a foreigner upon his official views regarding this purely Pacific question, he did not hesitate to ask if Americans did not think that America would have joined the Allies earlier in the Great War if there had been no Anglo-Japanese alliance.

Mr. Hughes, not only a lawyer at home but also a member of Gray's Inn, London, made a world-wide name for himself at the Versailles Peace Conference. He knew exactly what Australia had to have, and also just what she meant to have omitted from the conference's decisions, and in both these regards he made himself not only heard but, in the end, listened to. Born in Wales in 1864, he went out to Australia in 1884 and has been its Prime Minister since 1915. He was prepared for that leadership by many years of service in the Australian Parliament and Cabinet, so that he was excellently equipped for his successful efforts in Paris. All the Dominion Premiers have been honored not only by the English Government and municipal bodies but also by honorary degrees from the universities, of which Mr. Hughes has received five. Sometimes these distinctions prove hurtful

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at home by exciting local jealousies; all politicians are not so quick as was Sir George Reid, the former Australian Prime Minister, who upon returning home after being made a K. C. M. G. replied, when asked its meaning by an Opposition newspaper reporter, "It only means, Keep Calling Me George!"

We are accustomed to speak of Prime Ministers as heads of representative governments, but perhaps without realizing how representative of their average constituents they perforce must be. If these dignitaries were not of a type approved each by his own people, they would not be where they are. For that reason we may safely say that a sight of their portraits and even a fleeting glimpse of the personalities representing the various British Dominions can usefully enlighten us upon that important international question, Whither is the British Empire tending?

In Paris one meets many people, some of them high up, who maintain that such an imperial conference as that of London can only mean the parting of the ways, that the Dominions are about to split off as did the Americans in 1776. Such people forget that the rulers of Great Britain to-day are not so narrow-minded as were Lord North and George III. It is not at a parting of the ways that these Premiers met under the Presidency of the British Prime Minister. The crossroads were passed when the Colonials rallied in men and money to the British front in Flanders and Gallipoli. They are now well beyond, proceeding along a straight highway side by side. But at those crossroads, now passed, those very Colonials, by their gallant and brotherly conduct, ceased to be Colonials and became as full brothers in government as they had been in arms; they shed their Colonial citizenship to become partners in Empire. It was significant how their Premiers flared up when a certain London newspaper suggested that Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside at their conference! Those leaders, only Colonial Ministers before the War, have since then become real Prime Ministers.

Nor is the change come only to them. For he who before 1914 was Prime Minister of the British Empire, responsible only to a Parliament controlled by Londoners sitting in London, must now govern "by and with the advice of" the Dominion partners,

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just as an American President must realize that along with the Executive our Constitution gives recognition to the Legislative and Judicial branches of our Government. One may safely conclude that one so alert-minded as Lloyd George appreciates this change. In fact it is indicated by his selection as private secretary of that gallant Guardsman, Sir Edward Grigg, especially well informed upon Colonial affairs, to succeed Philip Kerr, specialist in foreign affairs, upon the latter's resignation last spring. Britain has now time to devote to imperial adjustments which were necessarily neglected during the life-and-death war struggle that demanded intensive vigilance in external affairs. More will be heard later of Philip Kerr. Heir to the Marquis of Lothian, he founded that brilliant quarterly *The Round Table*, devoted to broadening and enlightening British public opinion upon imperial questions. His is too keen and too active a brain to remain long in idleness, greatly as he needed a vacation after his years of exacting service under Lloyd George in Downing Street during and after the war.

So much for the changed way in which the business of governing the British Empire seems to be conducted; and now for another factor without which the picture would be far from complete. It is the fashion for British public speakers the world over to describe the Crown as the golden thread that binds the Empire together. But is it not something both more and less than that? Let us follow the trend of public thought nowadays and apply the touchstone of metaphysics to the Crown's influence. More and more are we coming to realize the difference between things material and those purely spiritual. While the Crown retains the outward pomp of matter, it has lost the material power; that has passed back to the people and is wielded by their elected and selected representatives. But the Crown's hold on the spirit of the people is as strong as ever it was, and of late years it has more than once demonstrated its power of service to the country. Particularly has the personality of the Prince of Wales, through his widely won popularity, demonstrated this. The combination of his frank youth and simple directness of manner has proved irresistible. He has won the confidence of his people on the home islands and around the Seven Seas, and his well-

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wishers are not all compatriots. How will he use this great asset? In what direction will the Crown develop? Time alone will show. But since it is already the fashion to remark that in many respects he is very like his grandfather, King Edward VII, it is useful to consider what sort of a sovereign the latter proved himself. The time has come to recognize that he was one of the great Kings of English history. Long kept in the background by his royal mother, and coming to the throne at the advanced age of sixty, he soon showed that he had not been wasting his years of preparation. Mr. Strachey, in his remarkable life of Queen Victoria, makes it clear that Prince Albert Edward was considered somewhat of a trial to his parents, differing so entirely from his meticulously industrious German father. When the Prince of Wales came to the throne in January, 1901, he set his wise heart upon an Anglo-French alliance as the only practical defense against the rapidly developing policy of *Deutschland über Alles*. Notwithstanding the unpopularity of his plan (because its need was not understood), he brought to pass the new international alliance, which success of his diplomacy, in the light of subsequent events, is seen to be one of the most notable contributions by an English king to his people's welfare.

A few months since, George V and Queen Mary went to Ireland and opened the Ulster Parliament, against the advice of wise counsellors who felt that they risked their lives thereby. Indeed, so general was the belief in the danger they insisted upon running that even the Sinn Fein Irish of the south admired their courage; for you can always trust an Irishman to recognize pluck. With such parents and such a grandfather, the young Prince of Wales is shown to be after all only carrying forward a tradition of service by the Crown to the British people, without which its government would not, from the standpoint of a metaphysician, be complete. The new adjustment reached by the conference of Dominion Premiers under the presidency of the British Prime Minister will materially govern the Empire, while the Crown, with its hold upon the spirit of the people, will do its part in holding them together.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

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CAN FRANCE CARRY HER FISCAL BURDEN?

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

FRANCE has been condemned, since the war, to carry two budgets: the ordinary budget, comprising all national expenses, which is supported by the people of France; and the war budget, called the "budget of recoverable expenses", comprising exclusively the sums paid out in reparation to the war sufferers of the devastated regions as well as in war pensions, which, according to the Treaty of Versailles, should be paid by Germany.

Let us first consider the ordinary budget. It is of considerable proportions. In 1914 it amounted to five billion francs ($1,000,000,000). This year, 1921, it amounts to twenty-six and a half billion francs ($5,300,000,000); and next year it will amount to twenty-five billion francs ($5,000,000,000), thanks to the energetic compression of military expenses, which reached the sum of $300,000,000.

Is it necessary to remark that if France's ordinary budget is five times what it was before the war, rising from one billion to five billion dollars, it is entirely due to the war? We know to-day exactly what France spent on the war, to the very penny. From August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919, the formidable sum of 280,658,000,000 francs ($56,131,000,000) was disbursed by the French Government. These are the official figures, recently given out. During this same period, from August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919, France's revenue from all kinds of taxes amounted to more than sixty billion francs ($12,000,000,000). The entire difference between $12,000,000,000 and $56,131,000,000 has been made up by government loans of various kinds: perpetual loans, redeemable loans, and short term loans, which have therefore increased the public debt of France. This debt may be resolved into its two elements: the domestic debt, upon which interest is due to

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the people of France, which now amounts to 230,000,000,000 francs ($46,000,000,000); and the foreign debt, the interest on which is theoretically paid to foreign nations, and which, considering the franc at par, amounts to 35,286,000,000 francs ($7,057,000,000); that is, 15,285,000,000 francs ($3,057,000,000) to the United States, 13,500,000,000 francs ($2,700,000,000) to Great Britain, and the rest, about $1,300,000,000, to the banks and financial organizations of various other foreign countries.

Very generously, the United States and Great Britain have not thus far forced France to pay the interest on her debt of $5,757,000,000 which both of these countries loaned her during the war. On the other hand, France has been obliged to pay the interest or redeem the $1,300,000,000 borrowed from the banks of other foreign countries, as well as the $46,000,000,000 of her domestic debt. This annually represents the enormous sum of thirteen billion francs ($2,600,000,000), that is, half of France's ordinary budget.

Here we have the first point, which we must stop to think over a minute or so. If France, to-day, has an ordinary budget of more than $5,000,000,000, it is because she is obliged to pay annually, before anything else, $2,500,000,000 to those who from 1914 to 1918 loaned her the money that helped to stem the German attack and invasion. These $2,500,000,000, to which we must soon add the interest on the money due the United States and Great Britain, will be paid annually by France for many generations. This amount represents France's war cost, a war that France did not desire, did not provoke, nor declare. Germany, because of the Peace Treaty, does not and will never bear a single cent of this enormous debt. It is probably the first time in the history of the world that a nation unjustly attacked, and nevertheless victorious, does not ask for a single cent from the conquered for a war which the latter instigated.

Let us continue our analysis. On her ordinary budget of $5,000,000,000, France must pay $2,500,000,000 in interest to her creditors, for expenses created by the war. We may also add, by the way, that a good part of the other $2,500,000,000 is indirectly due to the war. For example, this year (1921) it was necessary to pay $300,000,000 to cover the railroad deficit; and

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this deficit is due to the lamentable condition in which the railroads were left by the war. It was also necessary to pay $200,000,000 for the purchase of wheat and other provisions, also due to the war. It was necessary to double the salaries of all office-holders in the various governmental departments because of the high cost of living, another present tendered by the war. For one reason or another, we arrive at the total expenditure mentioned above, $5,300,000,000 for this year (1921), and $5,000,000,000 in 1922.

Let us say at once that in the face of this ordinary expenditure of $5,000,000,000 France, by a considerable effort, has succeeded in finding another $5,000,000,000 for 1922 in the way of ordinary revenues. The ordinary budget is therefore, we may say, balanced. Both ingenuity and energy were necessary to establish this balance; but both were found. The railroad deficit was overcome thanks to the reorganization of the entire financial system of all the lines, and also thanks to a readjustment of rates. The purchase of wheat and other provisions was suppressed, thanks to the intensive work of the French peasants and farmers, and the splendid harvest gathered this summer. The number of office holders have either been reduced or their salaries cut. And the Minister of War has cut down military expenses to the amount of $300,000,000. For a country that has the reputation of being militaristic, a reduction such as this is not bad, and it is only to be hoped that all non-militaristic empires and democracies throughout the world will do as much!

France has often been reproached in certain countries with not having made a comprehensive effort to cause the French taxpayer to pay his quota. The reproach is made unjustly, and the legend according to which the Frenchman is not obliged to pay his taxes, or to pay very little, is entirely inexact, to say the least. The figures are indisputable. Thirty-eight million Frenchmen pay $5,000,000,000 in taxes annually. They do not pay these taxes entirely on their incomes for the very good reason that there are no very large incomes to be taxed, although there are many of modest proportions. France is not a nation of large land owners, of millionaires, and of rich capitalists; but of modest farmers, small land owners, and restricted incomes. The

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official statistics of the Minister of Finance, for the year 1920, show that there are in France only 183 persons having annual incomes over $200,000 and only 493 persons having annual incomes of from $100,000 to $200,000. On the other hand there are 406,900 persons who have annual incomes of from $1,000 to $4,000, and more than 100,000 persons having incomes of from $4,000 to $12,000. This explains the perfect social balance that exists in France, which creates so much surprise and admiration in the foreigner: there is indeed no other country in the world whose wealth is so equally divided and happily shared. But this also shows that it is impossible to expect more from the French taxpayer than is expected from the taxpayers of other countries. One cannot, from a man having an annual income of from $2,000 to $3,000, take half of what he earns without crushing and ruining him. The income tax of from fifty to sixty per cent cannot be applied except on very large incomes, that is to say, incomes of about $100,000, which in France are in the great minority. It has been figured that if the tax of sixty per cent were applied to all incomes in France that pass the $100,000 mark, the most that could be obtained would hardly amount to $60,000,000, and $5,000,000,000 are necessary to balance France's ordinary budget.

France obtains the $5,000,000,000 by indirect taxes: the tax on coupons cut from personal securities, taxes on financial operations, on receipted bills, on the circulation of wine, on railroad tickets, on tobacco, sugar, salt, gasolene, etc. Some of these taxes are very productive. The tax on coupons cut from personal securities, alone, brings in something like $500,000,000 annually. The tax on wine, beer, automobiles, and railroad tickets gave France a revenue of nearly $1,000,000,000 this year. The tax on tobacco brought in as much as the income tax: approximately $200,000,000.

A new indirect tax has been instituted during the past year, regarding which it is as yet impossible to make any sort of prediction: that is, the tax on the amount of business transacted, which is paid by the merchant on each sale. The tax is small, one per cent on every sale; but one per cent multiplied indefinitely comes to a high figure. Let us take a sheep, for example. The shepherd who sells it must pay one per cent to the State. The

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man who shears it and sells its wool to the weaver, pays another one per cent. The weaver who, having transformed the wool into cloth, sells it to the tailor, pays another one per cent; and the tailor who makes a suit of clothes for a customer must also pay one per cent on the price of the suit. Here we have a sheep that has done its bit for France! The application of this tax has not been accomplished without some difficulty, however, because of the complicated bookkeeping necessary, and it is still far from being in "full swing". Despite this it will bring in an estimated revenue of some $400,000,000.

At any event, it may be repeated that France's ordinary budget for 1922 has been balanced. In face of the ordinary expenditures of every kind that amount to about $5,000,000,000 (exactly 24,932,000,000 francs) the French Government can have at its disposition a permanent revenue of about $5,000,000,000 (exactly 25,019,000,000 francs). If there were therefore only the ordinary budget to look after, the result would be absolutely certain; and there would be no more necessity for anxiety regarding the solidity of France's finances than to question that of the Himalayan Mountains.

But—we still have the war budget to contend with.

This budget consists of two kinds of expenditure. It is true that they are about alike. They comprise the reparations of the devastated regions and the war pensions for the dead, the wounded and the permanently disabled. According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, these reparations must be paid by Germany and the German people. Theoretically the German people must pay. But as the Treaty has not demanded the definitive payment, and as its application is long and paved with difficulties, it is in practice the good people of France who have been paying until now. It is the people of France who have until now entirely paid all the pensions. It is the people of France who have rebuilt at their expense the villages destroyed by the Kaiser's hordes in Northern France. They were told that it was only an advance that they were making to Germany; and that Germany would repay them some day, according to the Treaty of Versailles. That is why this war budget is called "budget of recoverable expenses".

This budget of recoverable expenses in 1920 amounted to

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7,000,000,000 francs in round figures ($1,400,000,000); in 1921 it was 8,400,000,000 francs ($1,680,000,000), and in 1922 it will amount to 7,160,000,000 francs ($1,432,000,000)—that is, 3,660,000,000 francs ($732,000,000) for pensions, and 3,500,000,000 francs ($700,000,000) for reparations in the devastated regions.

Here, if you wish, we may make an addition and a remark. Let us take into account the expenditures imputable to Germany paid by France:

In 1920	$1,400,000,000
In 1921	1,680,000,000
Total	$3,080,000,000

Here we have $3,080,000,000 that should have been paid by Germany; but which were paid by France. This enormous sum was paid by means of loans contracted by the French Government, and by means of advances made to the Ministries by the banks. But how will be paid in 1922 the $1,432,000,000 necessary to balance the same budget? That is a big question. Here, let us consider the opinion of the Minister of Finance himself, M. Paul Doumer, who in a written statement addressed to the Budgetary Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, expressed himself as follows:

"The system of loans and advances has its limits: there can be no question of facing again, next year, the possibility of obtaining by means of advances and loans the necessary total of seven billion francs, which constitutes the budget of recoverable expenses for pensions and reparations. This sum of seven billion francs must be found first in the annuity that Germany must let us have next year, and again in discounting a part of the securities that Germany will give us. The amount of the annuity that Germany must verse depends on the figure of her exports for 1921: if these exports are not very different from what they were in 1920, which we know, we can figure on receiving from this four and a half billion francs. The difference, that is two and a half billion francs, may, we hope, be found in discounting abroad the securities that Germany must turn over to us. The London agreement expressly foresaw this operation."

The Minister of Finance, therefore, figures that Germany,

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which has so far not paid a single cent of the $1,400,000,000 which she should have paid in 1920, and which has not paid a cent on the $1,680,000,000 she should have paid in 1921, will pay about $1,000,000,000 in 1922. He figures besides that he will be able to discount abroad—that is in America—German securities to the amount of $430,000,000. That means that he figures on the solvency of Germany and on the good will of the foreign banks in accepting German paper. If the French Minister is not mistaken, well and good! So, both of France's budgets are balanced and France has been saved financially. But if he is mistaken, if Germany does not pay, and if the German securities are considered of no value by the foreign banks—what then?

It is not without a certain amount of anguish, I must admit, that I ask this question. And I understand that the experts and the technical men with their implacable logic may reply, "So, France will neither be able to pay her reparations nor her pensions." But in the question of finance as in that of politics, we must count with the "imponderable" forces, as they were called by Bismarck. A great country like France, which has its traditions, its honor, its past, its riches, its resources, its desire to live and to work, cannot go bankrupt for the sum of $1,400,000,000. It will be found within the country itself, if it cannot be found abroad; just as during the Battle of the Marne at the most critical moment, Foch was still able to find among his depleted troops a last reserve, when no one to his right or left was able to lend him so much as a regiment.

France, arrive what may, will face her financial destiny as she has faced her military destiny. She will neither beg nor crumble. She knows that now more than ever she must not count upon others, but always upon herself. If it is necessary she will stand up once more, and despite the burden that threatens to crush her, she will find in herself the energy necessary to carry it still further, and still higher.

Some European country may perhaps go bankrupt in 1922; but it will not be France.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, September 1921.

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THE MENACE TO JOURNALISM

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

A NEW journalism is abroad in the land. To the reading public it is often indistinguishable from the old journalism. Like some of the parasitic fungi, whose spores penetrating the cells of their host change its substance to their own tissues, but in turn shape themselves into the outward form of the original plant, the new journalism has fastened upon the old, used it for its own purposes, and masked itself in the appearance of the independent and self-determining press. This parasite is propaganda. Its instrument of infection is the press agent. Its result is an organ of public opinion more or less completely, according to the extent of the process, transformed from an unbiased, or at least autonomous, expression to a suggested and not disinterested utterance.

Twenty-five years ago, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the genial distributor of circus tickets, and as the facile chronicler of the wonders of the jungle and the romances of the fat woman. He kept reporters apprized in gorgeous fashion of the coming of new plays and took a kindly interest in recovering actresses' lost jewels. For the rest, he left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation to truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts. He was the scarcely recognized poor-relation of the journalist.

To-day the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized and well paid profession. His handsomely furnished office is next door to that of the president of the great corporation; he is the consultant of the organizers of great philanthropies, the mouthpiece of political leaders, the window-dresser of government departments. He lays upon the desks of the leading newspapers every day enough copy to fill their pages, news, editorial and advertising, twice over. And he succeeds in getting enough of this printed to earn his salary to the satisfaction of his employer,

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to establish his own importance in the eyes of publicity seekers, and to color effectually the picture of American life and its supposedly spontaneous movements presented to the American people.

The press agent commands a higher salary, strictly measured by his success in circulating propaganda disguised as news, than he could obtain in the direct service of a newspaper. Consequently trained writers that are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends tend in increasing numbers to forsake the editorial room for the publicity office, to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs. Their systematic and extensive preparation of predigested news is in turn changing the conditions of news gathering. They stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty. The inevitable result must be the decay of reporting in its more difficult and for public purposes most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda. Surrender to it by the newspapers was a form of patriotic service. Mr. Creel's mental treatment, his suggestions of what the American people, to help win the war, should believe about fights with submarines or building airplanes, were faithfully transmitted to them by a mobilized press. For that the press need not apologize. Even public opinion must goosestep in a military movement, though it may know it is being fooled. The creation of a certain state of mind was as necessary as the equipping of an army, and the newspapers did their part to create it, without inquiring too curiously behind official statements. Nevertheless this meant an adjournment of the free play of public opinion, and unfortunately it has not reconvened. Semi-official propaganda claimed succession to the privileges of the official propaganda, and too often obtained it. Organized movements of every sort, religious, political, philanthropic, selfish, realized as never before the potentialities of the press agent, and found the newspapers habituated to unbelievable hospitality and frequently, it might seem, to unbelievable inno-

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cence. For to an extent never before seen, at least since the dark era of the party newspaper dependent on politicians in the first third of the nineteenth century, the American press is taking things at second hand and allowing artificially stimulated sentiment to appear as the expression of natural public opinion.

Yet the war did not give birth to the era of the publicity agent. His sway began when some of the railroads and other large corporations awoke to the fact that unpopularity did not pay. Alexander J. Cassatt, if not the discoverer of this truth, was one of the earliest of the railroad executives to realize the consequences of the hostile feeling that was growing up against corporations. He not only tried to persuade his fellow railroad presidents to meet half way the demands for regulation, but also sought to put their aims and methods in a favorable light before the people. One of his earliest approaches was to a newspaper writer of distinction, who declined what seemed to him a princely salary, not because he did not sympathize with Mr. Cassatt's wish for better understanding between business and the public, but because, for himself, he would have no client but the public. Writers were found, however, who undertook to give newspapers information about corporation doings, and the old habits of silence gave way to positive volubility—in one tone. The newspapers welcomed this hospitality and were in turn hospitable; but before they realized it they had opened the gate to a wooden horse. They allowed the press agent to gain control of whole fields of news. Whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements. In a business crisis or industrial dispute—for the labor unions have not been slow to adopt the new method—it is almost impossible to bring a joined issue before the court of public opinion, because statements that are not responsive are frequently all that can be obtained.

In the lobby of the National Press Club in Washington, according to the *Editor and Publisher*, there is a table much like a free-lunch counter. On it are displayed every day the mimeographed copies of the hand-out articles, official and unofficial, that the press agents hope will prove bait for the correspondents. With

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a paste-pot and a little rewriting a brave show of covering the Capital can be made. If that were all, it would not much matter. The conscientious and enterprising correspondent would show the difference between news and propaganda. But unfortunately the persons for whom the press agents work have learned that, if they stand on propaganda statements alone, and make no other, the newspapers will take them; and so they have shut the door on the independent investigator. Moreover, the press agents are clever enough to dress up for their own purposes matter that has real news interest, or seems to an editor to have when he sees it in a rival paper; and so the reporter, by the pressure of external circumstance and to meet the short-sighted demands of his own office, is driven to be the mere mouthpiece of biased statement. This has gone so far that Mr. Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World*, a practical editor by no means inclined to quixotic standards, declares that the newspapers are not meeting major problems and are not driving at the heart of things, but are "skimming the surface, and it is only now and then that a reporter gets under the skin of these great events."

Another sort of propaganda, not new but growing, is that which seeks free advertising. Sometimes it is plain puffery for commercial purposes. As often it is extensive free publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, from an Interchurch World Movement to the creation of a personality for a nonentity with political or social ambition. Against the advertising space-grafter the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been for some time making a campaign. The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the limit of his desires. A few months ago a highly-colored story of the escape of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople filled columns of space in American newspapers, only to prove a piece of publicity for a motion picture. No paper that had not blunted its news instincts by the habitual acceptance of press-agent concoctions could have failed to scent a selfish purpose in such a tale. When a leading automobile company, after the annual shows in New York and Chicago, pub-

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licly boasts that "more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of free publicity in the news columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers was the proud record obtained" by its advertising division during the shows, it is no wonder that the publishers are aghast at their own fatuity in letting columns of advertising disguised as "human interest" stories pass their desks. When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission, and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies.

Sometimes, it is true, the editor grows suspicious that he is being used; but then the propagandist is ready for him. No more revealing exhibition of his methods of creating a false appearance of spontaneous public sentiment can be found than appears in a letter of the National One Cent Postage Association that fell into the hands of the American Newspaper Publishers Association shortly before the war. It read:

> In conjunction with the prosecution of our campaign for one cent letter postage, we find we secure invaluable assistance from the newspapers by their publishing articles in regard to one cent letter postage.
>
> We also find that if we send these articles direct they are often disregarded, while if we secure some of our friends to send the articles to them, the newspapers use them very promptly.
>
> Because of this fact, we are asking the assistance of friends of the movement to secure publicity for our work. I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith an article which I have had prepared, and in which I have had your name inserted, and would appreciate it very much if you would place this in the hands of one of your local newspapers.
>
> Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.
>
> He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us in the creation of public sentiment in favor of one cent letter postage.

Surely, the editor needs to be as wise as the serpent and as cynical as Satan, if he is going to safeguard himself against propa-

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ganda and make his columns a chronicle of real happenings and a reflector of authentic, un-"accelerated" thought.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Cobb has said, the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited, and found that there were about 1,200 of them. There are doubtless many more to-day, and they have, as he pointed out, seized control of many of the direct channels of news of business, social and political activity, and closed them, except as information is filtered through themselves. Great firms and corporations carry on publicity as a profession, and for a fee will contract to put upon the map of popular thought anything from a railroad rate campaign or a political programme to a prayer-meeting or a charity fund. The *Editor and Publisher* reports that in one day last year 189,350 words of "publicity matter" were received by the *Washington Herald*, which equals 24 newspaper pages. It came from religious and "uplift" organizations, political parties, government departments, and commercial and miscellaneous sources of every sort. This was an average day, and that paper was not exceptionally favored by the press agents. How much of this was used does not appear, but a great mass of such material is regularly used or it would not be prepared in ever increasing volume. The skilled newspaper reader can detect it in almost every paper he sees. Already the ulterior purpose behind what appears to be innocent news is frequently questioned. If the general body of readers shall be driven to share that suspicion, to look upon the newspaper record of life as artificial, and cease to find in it the mirror of their own thought and action, the old journalism will be dead and the new journalism will be bankrupt.

From one point of view all this is highly flattering to the press. It is a tribute to its power. When bank and factory, church and college, official and reformer, all systematically scheme to make the press present their interest and their version of news, not as their own, but as its own, they acknowledge in act what they so often deny in speech, that the voice of the newspaper is really the voice of the community talking to itself.

No longer can even the greatest take the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who, when the editor of a leading London journal

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asked permission to view the coronation procession of William IV from the roof of Apsley House, answered that it was of no possible interest to the Duke whether the editor saw the procession or not. The propagandist has this excuse for fastening himself as a parasite on the newspapers: It is almost his only chance to reach the ear of power. When Bolingbroke employed Nicholas Amhurst as his press agent for warfare on Walpole, he had to reach only a handful of men, who made the public opinion of England, and a small edition of a tiny sheet answered his purpose. Hamilton put the *Federalist* into the mind of America through a little paper of possibly 1,500 circulation. Anybody with the aid of a hand press could then publish a newspaper on substantially equal terms with anybody else. But all that is changed. Not only has the cost of producing anything that can possibly hold its place as a newspaper become enormous, but in a democratic society the public to be reached is so vast that nothing but the great established machinery of publicity is adequate to the task. The existing journals have a practical monopoly of public attention, and only through them can it be effectively arrested.

Of course it is easy and is much the fashion to lay the blame for the sway of propaganda upon some mysterious "system," to complain that some malevolent and super-intelligent group of men are with a common purpose seeking to control the press. But that is mere witch-hunting. It gets nowhere. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized. Propaganda is as old as society. Only it has come to a new intensity, dangerous to the public and to the press itself because of its parasitic nature. It has taken a leaf out of the book of business efficiency. No "system," no group, has deliberately set out to poison public opinion. The world in general, which means a great number of individuals, each seeking his own ends, has discovered the value of publicity in a democracy and has sought it with the practicality characteristic of the age. Everybody desiring access to the public mind has adopted the ideas of a commercial civilization to obtain it. The same business method inspires the bank's press agent and its cashier. The publicity bureau of a political party or a college endowment committee studies the psychology of the sales manager, adopts his slang, and

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starts out to "sell" an idea to the community. And it was not long ago that a great body of religious leaders also became enamored of business efficiency and dreamed that with a large bank account, a huge office force, expert administration and unlimited drafts on newspaper publicity, they could "sell" to the world the Sermon on the Mount, if not the Apostles' Creed.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the mass of "publicity matter" that is offered by parties in interest to the newspapers and accepted by them has news value, and deals with worthy enterprises entitled to notice. But that does not make the prevailing habit of opening newspaper columns to press agents' productions less dangerous. Indeed it makes it more dangerous. Propaganda must have news value, real or apparent, to gain publication and then win attention. Its news value, disguising its insidious purpose, is the tool needed to break into the public mind. And the insidious purpose is always there. Great corporations and organizers of campaigns do not pay large salaries to able men just to save the newspapers the expense of getting their own news, benevolent as their professions of "saving the reporter trouble" may seem. What they want is free advertising, otherwise "publicity," for some scheme or opinion of their own, and the press agent's offering, either by distortion, suppression, unwarranted emphasis, or sheer invention, achieves not a judicial summing up of the facts, but an attorney's special plea for his client.

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips. However that may be, the newspapers certainly opened the door, taught the fabricators of propaganda their trade, fell into the habit of taking things at second hand, and are now in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood.

What is the remedy? Nothing but the absolute refusal to recognize the press agent, or to publish news that is not prepared by

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the editorial staff itself and its disinterested agents. Some of the leading publicity men themselves admit the present abuses and advise editors to verify more carefully press-agent offerings, and to exclude concealed advertising, or whatever seems to be unduly colored. But that does not go to the root of the evil. In many cases, especially with matter coming from a distance, verification is impossible, and the protection of advertising space against grafters, commercial or philanthropic, is not the chief concern of the public. If the newspapers want to give away thousands of dollars every week in free advertising, that is mainly their affair; though the community does have a right to read news as news and advertisements as advertisements, and not be fooled into reading one for the other. But nothing short of a rule: Exclude all "publicity," will shut up the propaganda bureaus, stop the deluge of tainted news, and once more open the closed doors to the disinterested reporter.

The essence of the mischief in propaganda is not its falsity in any particular case, but its origin. The essence of journalism is its autonomous expression of itself as an interpreter of society. The editor who is entitled to confidence, and who alone in the long run will get it, is he whose every utterance is his own. Neither the accuracy of a journal's news nor the justness of its opinions is half as important to society as certainty that whatever it publishes is the result of its own independent outlook on the world in the capacity of a public watchman. That is its profession; that is its trust.

Unless the American press rescues itself from this growing tendency to be the mouthpiece of extra-sanctum preparations of news and "accelerations" of sentiment, and by its own self-contained enterprise seeks out everything that is important for men to know and presents it as appraised and interpreted disinterestedly by itself, it will cease to be the Fourth Estate. Its claim to that distinction and influence rests on its performance of a public function, and it will not endure the abdication of trusteeship and the loaning of the instruments of current intelligence to the irresponsible agents of propaganda.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

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THE MOVIES AS DOPE

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

We have heard more than is endurable of the menace of the movies to our morals. Sinners for centuries managed to find a way to perdition without them, and the professional uplifter, whatever his subject, has a terrible faculty for becoming a bore. But we have not heard anything like enough of the menace of the movies to our intellect, though they threaten to deprive us of what little we already have. Men took to morality instinctively as soon as they lived in herds. They had to for self-protection. As instinctively, they shrank from thought which was less essential and more trouble. Learning to think was a slow and laborious undertaking. Learning not to think is proving a swift and congenial task and the shortest cut to success has been supplied by the movies.

If occasionally a courageous critic admits that the movies are not quite what they ought to be intellectually, he makes up for it by splendid prophesies of what they are going to be. Dr. Einstein, struggling to say something we could understand, complimented us on the wonderful "instruction in science and the presentment of artistic plays" we shall have from our movies, once they emerge from their infancy. Sir Sidney Low, more deferential, exalts the American movies as they are into models for the English cinema, if it is to realize its "possibility of great art" and "lift itself clear of vulgarity and mere profit-mongering." The modest American asks for not more than twenty-five years, millions behind him, and a free foot, to put "the American-made motion-pictures on a level with the highest products in the other arts." But only the rosiest of rose-colored glasses could reveal any reason for this optimism. Without the help of ouija or crystal, disaster may safely be predicted for the manager who thinks to secure his punch in scientific or artistic novelties. Millions and time have already been behind the movies. The

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feet of everybody involved have known no fetters save those imposed by our self-appointed guardians whose pleasure is in depriving other people of theirs. The manufacture of films is a colossal industry; the building set up for their display is often the Picture Palace it calls itself; their stock has been floated in Wall Street. So far from the movies being in their infancy, they have reached full maturity and in attaining it have delivered themselves from all temptation to linger in the arid by-paths of science and art. They did yield in their irresponsible youth, and no inducement to repeat the experiment has come of it. The moving-pictures, in their first stage of innocence, as they were developing from an experiment into a fixture, were all for instruction and information and edification. Amusement did not enter into their programme. There was no Charlie Chaplin, no Mary Pickford. Audiences were expected to sit stolidly through a performance, improving their minds without one little smile in the process. Even when drama gradually crept in, it was designed to teach a lesson rather than to cheer an idle moment.

But instruction and information and edification could not have paid, for they have dwindled into side issues—except in the lecture hall and school room where they still remain, the sugar coating to help dry facts go down. In the Picture Palace amusement has the monopoly, the play is the thing. It would be hard to grudge anybody whatever amusement is to be had anywhere or anyhow in a land given over to blue laws and dryness; only the Puritan would condemn a play simply because it is a play. The individual has the right to manage his affairs for himself, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbor; even to the sacrifice of intelligence, should he be so foolish as to find it necessary to his happiness. When his morals do interfere with his neighbor, there are prisons to shut him up in, but there are none for the individual who threatens to pass his unintelligent standard of happiness on to the crowd and who is, therefore, the greater danger of the two in a democracy like ours supposed to be ruled by the crowd. Should the movies retain and strengthen their hold upon the public, the thoughtful citizen may well be alarmed for the future of his country, indeed of the world if, as Mr. Hard-

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ing has told us, to the world these great United States are a warning and an example.

Further reflection must add to the alarm of the thoughtful citizen. For if the movies are the thing of the moment, the reason of their popularity has its roots deep down in human nature, dating back to the very beginning—to primeval days when man no sooner lived as man than life bored him so unutterably that, at once, he set about inventing a way to forget it. He might have forgotten in work, but work was no less a bore, or perhaps a worse one—the primeval curse. In his need, he hit with surprising swiftness upon the play, at the start as crude as himself, but still the make-believe, the something that did not exist, for which he could exchange the something that did. Whatever philosophers and ethnologists may say, it was man's colossal capacity for boredom that prompted him to fill his universe with imaginary terrors, to surround himself with disturbing spiritual beings, to allow the affairs of an unseen world to distract him from more immediate duties in his own, and, finally, as a means of communication with the unknown, the unseen, to evolve a ceremonial which was really the first dramatic form he gave to his make-believe.

Indolence long kept men in the world they knew nothing about for their make-believe. Gods and goddesses continued to be heroes and heroines for the Greek dramatist, their adventures his theme. The Miracle Play was the popular drama of the Middle Ages. The sacred dance at Seville, the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, serve as reminders of the religious origin of the theatre. But the drama, with time, drifted reluctantly away from religion, just as now it is drifting joyously away from art. Not that the people ever felt any interest in, or indeed were conscious of, the art that inspired it. But when their make-believe was to be had only from the artist, they were obliged to put up with his art if they wanted any make-believe at all, and they did want it so unquestioningly that the drama as an art became a tradition not yet quite outworn. Molière can still fill the Comédie Française, Shakespeare can still make the English actor's reputation. Goethe is still a fetish in Germany. All the same, in the greatest days of dramatic art as in the crudest and most degener-

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ate, it has been not art, but the love of make-believe that has driven people to the play, the desire to throw off the boredom of the real for the enchantment of the unreal.

The drama opens the door into another life, another world. Comfortably settled in their seats, audiences can let real life slip from them as they watch on the stage the life that never was. It is the triumph of make-believe—a triumph with which art is so little concerned that people had only to be told that they did not want art in the theatre to accept its loss without a murmur. Tragedy was replaced by melodrama and, always sheep, they flocked to it. Comedy was merged into musical extravaganza called by its name, and they rejoiced. The revue succeeded to farce and they could not have enough of it. And then, crowning achievement of modern progress, photography captured the drama, and the happiness of the people was complete; and so also, incidentally, was the degradation of dramatic art.

For photography is not, never can be, art. That it may be of service to art, no one would deny. But the camera, whatever its virtues, cannot compete with the artist. It cannot create, it cannot compose or design. The photographer selects his subject, he does not arrange it. He plants his machine where he chooses, the machine does the work, and what the machine manufactures is a record of fact. Now that it can record even the fact of movement, its use is not to be exaggerated—neither, unfortunately is its abuse.

Cinematographic reports of life in motion have a practical value. But the attempt to photograph art in motion—dramatic art—is as foolish as the attempt to make Rembrandts and Whistlers out of photographs of people and places. For the dramatic artist fills the stage not with life, but with the semblance of life. The actor is the dramatist's tool as the brush is the painter's; the actor's movements and spoken words are the symbols by which the dramatist conveys his illusion, works out the well-ordered sequence of events, and expresses the character, emotion and thought which are the essentials of his art, as the painter with his brush renders the color, the form, and the line which are the essentials of his. The movements of the painter's brush on the films could suggest scarcely less of the finished

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painting than the movements of the actor suggest of the written play. The life breathed into a drama by dramatist and actor eludes the camera, and the photographic version on the screen is no more than a skeleton, and a distorted skeleton at that, its offensiveness increasing in proportion to its endeavor to pass itself off as real flesh-and-blood—as the "high art product" predicted for the future. In the cheaper movies it is easy to laugh at the cowboy, smuggler and vendetta stunts, the pistols and poison, the breakneck rides and hairbreadth escapes, the wholesale massacres and sticky sentiment, for they have no more pretension to art than the spooks and murders of the old London penny gaff, or the blood and thunder of the dime novel. The screen's adaptations of second-rate plays and second-rate tales may also be dismissed lightly, so little art was there in them originally to be debased. But in the great play or the great novel there is art, and its capture by the movies is the unpardonable sin, though a sin borne with equanimity in our sorry scheme of things which makes it a crime to drink a glass of beer. Nor can any possible millennium of the movies, any miraculous improvement of the cinematograph, bring with it the grace of pardon for the unpardonable. The evil is in the prostitution of art to the machine-made, and the cinematograph might develop into the supreme mechanical marvel, the eighth wonder of the world, and in its super-perfection it would still be a machine, and a machine can only create the machine-made. It may reproduce the scene on the stage, but this is a detail, an important detail it is true, but in itself meaningless, lifeless, needing the dramatist's words in the actor's mouth to give it life. The camera has not been, could not be invented, that would photograph the rhythmical reason for the presence of the Greek Chorus, or the melancholy of Jacques, or the cynicism of Hamlet, or the faint loveliness of Pelleas and Mélisande—that would supply the clue to that inevitable sequence of events upon which the tragedy or comedy hinges, or to the character, the emotion, the thought that the actor's movements and poses of themselves alone could not express. To the man who has not read Hardy or Stevenson, the screen would convey nothing of the meaning and therefore the beauty of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* or *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

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Duse, in the movies, could sadden no one with the sentiment of Dumas Fils, enchant no one with the gaiety of Goldoni. Yvette Guilbert, in the best motion picture ever made, could not let us see with her La Soularde reeling, or hear with her the horror in the bells her voice sets ringing. I know that a film of explanation is offered as a substitute for the written or spoken word, but it seldom explains anything save the illiteracy of its author and the shame of all concerned. And the second machine expected in the near future to do the talking will only make the second state of the film masterpiece worse than the first, for then there will be two machines instead of one to massacre the original. Even the play without words is too subtle for the restrictions imposed on movement, gesture and expression, and the screen would transform a pantomime as exquisite as *L'Enfant Prodigue* into burlesque.

It is not more terrible for the artist who allows his work to be vulgarized than for the people who accept its vulgarization as art. Trained by the photo-play, they lose all sense, all appreciation of dramatic art, just as the man brought up on cheap chromos is spoilt for the Louvre, or the man accustomed to the gramophone for opera, or the concert hall. The tradition of dramatic art has endured until now, if with difficulty, but it cannot endure much longer. It is being smothered, killed by the growing indifference of people whose palate has been coarsened by a surfeit of machine-made plays, until they can no longer distinguish between art and the photograph that masquerades as art. And dramatic art, when it passes away, will not go alone. Thought will fly with it. If the drama from the start has been popular because it helps men, as nothing else can, to stop thinking about real life, it has never let them off from thinking altogether. What it does is simply to transfer thought from real life to life on the stage. In its lighter forms the thought it invokes is as light. In melodramas, revues and vaudeville where art, if it does not disappear, is reduced to a minimum, thought dwindles with it, and I doubt if a drug has yet been discovered more powerful as a sedative than a London Music Hall performance. And yet, however artless and innocuous the performance, so long as the performers are flesh and blood—men and women—a gesture, an

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inflection of the voice, a chance movement may rouse the least willing from his torpor to a conscious realization of meaning in the scene before him. At the movies the addict, swallowing his solid dose of the make-believe of make-believe, runs no such risk. The movies are worse than a sedative—they are dope, pure dope, the most deadly ever invented. Only shadows appear on the screen, moving with an abruptness, a haste, that leaves no time to wonder why they move at all. The films give something to look at, nothing to think about, and something to look at without thought stupefies, hypnotizes. Vacancy of mind prepares for the hypnotic state and, staring at the screen, the modern lotus-eater drifts easily and placidly into the land where it is always afternoon, achieves Nirvana far sooner than the Hindu Yogi starving and staring at his middle.

Apathy is agreeable, but of small use in a world where work must be done, no matter in how few hours or for what high wages. It is because the movies encourage this apathetic state, fast making it the national condition, that they are more demoralizing than Bolshevism to the proletariat and intellectuals alike. None save the tireless and tiresome uplifter would bother about them as a snare to innocence. The morals of humanity have not survived every trap laid by the ages to be lost in the Picture Palace. For the man led into temptation by the movies, the only safe place would be a prison or a monastery. If the boy can be so easily plunged into a life of crime, Robin Hood, or Dick Turpin, would long since have bred too many outlaws for the pictures of outlawry to have a chance. The child, now initiated into sex problems in the nursery, is not likely to be dismayed by the revelations of the photo-play. As a snare to intellect, however, the danger of the movies cannot be overdrawn. The evil they work is not in any challenge to active iniquity, but in the state of Nirvana into which they seduce their audience—in the deadening of all feeling for art, the stifling of all tendency to thought. The uneducated, without the movies, may never have known either the feeling or the tendency. But the educated are supposed to cultivate both, and if they are caught fast in the snare, then thought and art are at an end. Excuse for interest may at first have been the profitable instruction to be gained from the movies, but

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interest has strengthened as profitable instruction has shrunk until now it is all but done away with. That the classes called educated are interested is a fact not to be disputed, the proofs are too obvious. The greater luxury in the large Picture Palaces and their high price of admission show where patrons are sought—and not in vain. The play that succeeds on the stage seeks second success on the films. The actors of most repute all over the world reappear as screen stars, or "silent sirens" as one lyrical admirer, who ought to know better, has lately labelled them. The most correct theatres at times open their stage doors to the movies. Academies of Music and Opera Houses give them occasional shelter that pays. The first night of a photo-play is one of the season's social events, its dress rehearsal an envied function for the privileged few. The dramatic critic notices it with portentous solemnity, the most important papers in the country spare it as much space as a new book or a new opera. The latest screen novelty rivals the latest novel or picture show as a subject for polite conversation. *Main Street* and *The Age of Innocence* are not more solemnly discussed at afternoon tea than *Down East* and *The Three Musketeers*, nor Strauss and Debussy more approved names at the polite dinner table than Fairbanks and Chaplin.

A fashion, it may be said, and fashions pass; yes, but sometimes they pass into fixed habits, and already the movies have so undermined the people's power of thinking that religion and education have begun to play down to them in the struggle for survival. Clergymen, who would retain their congregations, suggest the introduction of the movies into the church service, and seek to fill their Sunday Schools by putting on the screen the Scriptures which the Christian once studied in fear and trembling lest he might not understand, and the scholar once read and reread for sheer joy in the beauty of the language. Teachers advocate the adoption of the movies in secular schools that lessons may amuse the pupil's eye instead of exercising the pupil's mind. The old-fashioned teacher believed that the end of education was to teach the pupil how to think. But modern progress has carried us far beyond that ancient superstition, and children, whose intelligence has been already undermined by the movies

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out of school, are to be further debauched by them in what should be hours of study. No wonder that the man with eyes to see is now watching with dismay the human race as it advances briskly along the highway back to illiteracy, fast drawing near to the day when the movies will deliver it even from the alphabet, and when the ultimate glory of twentieth century culture will be the return to the picture-writing in vogue before letters were invented. Then, it may be that, here and there in some remote monastic retreat, a few scholars—dry-as-dusts—will strive to save the archaic alphabet and the learning based upon it from vanishing entirely, as the monks of the Dark Ages, on their inaccessible hilltops and in their forgotten valleys, preserved the art and literature of an earlier period from crumbling away with the civilization of which they were the fairest flowering. The new monks will have a harder struggle of it than the old. For the highest ambition of the world, now made safe for democracy, is the most wholesale sweeping away ever undertaken of all and everything which the energies of centuries have been spent in perfecting and preserving as the best life has to give. It took centuries to develop the art of cookery, and to-day America lives on cold storage. It took centuries to develop the art of the musician, and to-day our pride is in canning his music. It took centuries to develop the art of the painter and the illustrator, and to-day we throw it to the camera. It took centuries to develop the art of the dramatist and the actor, and to-day we waste it on the films. It took centuries to develop the art of education, and to-day we strive to turn it into play. The small minority, however desperately it may cling to art and thought, will have but a meagre chance against the large majority hurrying along the shortest cut to that Earthly Paradise where no alphabet need be mastered for no one will read, where art and thought will be remembered only as the sad follies of the sad generations who lived before the blessing of the movies had fallen upon mankind.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

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AMERICAN SPEECH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

One of the most amusing minor sports to be followed by an Englishman—like myself—travelling in America is to note and discuss the differences of speech and language that have come about between us. It can be pursued with urbanity, even where opinions differ as well as language, and there is no necessity to make an international contest of it. It is seldom even a question of right or wrong, or of one side giving in to the other. Differences may be expected to remain, and to increase, as each nation develops the speech we have in common to suit its own needs and according to its own temperament. That is only to keep a language alive; for no language ceases to grow until it ceases to live, and the accident of a language being used by two great nations—both very much alive themselves—makes its growth, upon parallel lines, all the more interesting to watch.

It must be confessed, however, that the subject has not always been treated with urbanity. From the time that John Pickering published his *Vocabulary of Americanisms*, in Boston, in 1816, and Noah Webster came back at him, the battle has been raging. Pickering was an American, who foresaw the time "when Americans shall no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison and other English authors justly styled classic without the aid of a translation into a language that is to be called at some future day the American tongue!" Webster retorted that he "might oppose to this supposition another, which is nearly as probable, that the rivers in America will turn their courses, and flow from the sea to the top of the hills"; and boldly opened a counter-attack against English usage, which Pickering had too readily accepted as the only standard. "Let the English remove the beam from their own eye," he wrote, "before they attempt to pull the mote from ours; and before

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they laugh at our vulgar *keow*, *geown*, *neow*, let them discard their polite *keind*, and *geuide;* a fault precisely similar in origin, and equally a perversion of genuine English pronunciation."

"Brave and sensible words are these," comments Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, in his *American English;* "their teaching may well be laid to heart to-day!" From which it may be seen that he approaches his subject in a fighting spirit, and is inclined to let nothing die—not even pronunciations that are now obsolete.

Mr. Tucker's is the latest shot to be fired in a battle that has been raging for over a hundred years. If it were only a question of fighting for one's own side it would be a powerful shot. He has collected many wounding and offensive pronouncements from English sources, and some of them are such as to make an Englishman sympathetic to America shake his head in distress. He has also collected many egregious mistakes from English writers of high repute, and their cumulative effect is such as to arouse the suspicion that England has become entirely illiterate since a date corresponding roughly with the Revolutionary War.

But one recovers somewhat from the sense of vicarious shame on considering that offensive pronouncements have not been confined to one side, and that from the beginning there have been Americans of eminence in letters and in philology who have ranged themselves on our (English) side. And as for the merry game of convicting respectable and even great writers of slovenly sin, you can play it with almost anybody, as the Messrs. Fowler, authors of *The King's English*, showed us some years ago. Mr. Tucker hardly seems to play it fairly when he takes instances from dialogue in novels; and his repeated example, "I have been to London," or wherever it may be, seems to need elucidation. If this is a blunder, as he takes for granted, it is one that has quite passed into currency in England, and gives no offense to any American I have asked about it.

About half of Mr. Tucker's book is taken up with an annotated list of "Exotic Americanisms"—"a list of more than eleven hundred expressions supposed by Bartlett, Farmer, Chapin or Thornton to be peculiar to this country, with evidence (generally in the form of a quotation from a British writer) that most of them are certainly, and all of them probably, of foreign origin."

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I am quite unable to understand Mr. Tucker's intention in printing this list as it stands. He is severe upon the collectors from whom he draws his examples for filling their books with "pseudo-Americanisms", and with justice. Bartlett, for instance, with his 5,600 entries, whose *Dictionary* was first published in 1877, was dealt with by Richard Grant White at that time. In eight articles in *The Atlantic Monthly*, White "disposed of nine-tenths of Bartlett's specimens, and called into question the authenticity of at least half that remained." The quotation is from Mr. H. L. Mencken's *The American Language*, but Mr. Tucker himself says that he thinks these 5,600 entries represent hardly more than "450 genuine and distinct Americanisms now in respectable use." Yet he has perpetuated in his own list a ridiculous number of these early errors. I need only give the following list of words under a single letter to show in what manner he is flogging a dead horse: Account (of no account), Alarmist, Alcoholism, Alligator, Almshouse, Along (get along), Apple-cart (to upset), A-tremble, Authoress. Surely it is waste of time to quote examples of such words used by English writers, since they are in commonest use everywhere!

In examining this list for information about words and expressions that may reasonably be taken for Americanisms, one is more struck by Mr. Tucker's diligence and zeal than by his judgment. "I should admire to go with you to Boston" is defended by a quotation from Chapman's Odyssey: "Your rapt eyes would then admire to see him use his thighs in strength and swiftness;" which hardly seems applicable. Still more remarkable is the defense of the adverbial use of the word "any", in such phrases as "being angry any." The quotation is from Shakespeare: "You are not to go loose any longer;" which is no defense at all. "Engineer," for the driver of a locomotive engine, is not supported by a quotation of 1839 referring to "engineers in His Majesty's ships", nor is "homely" for "ugly" by one of 1553 referring to the clothing of poor people. "Huggermugger" in English usage means "muddle", as it does in Mr. Tucker's quotation, "His uncle had saved money, and it was huggermuggered away." This is not "to keep concealed". "To locate oneself" is no defense of "to locate", used intransitively, nor

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do "quite a pleasing retirement", and "quite a comfortable dwelling", justify "quite a while", or "quite a house". "Squatter" has an entirely different meaning in Australia from that in use in America, and of course in England. In Australia it means a big landowner. It may be mentioned in passing that the word "graft", much in use in Australia, has the meaning of "hard work", with no significance of corruption. Mr. Tucker in his list of "Some Real Americanisms" gives the earliest use of it in the American sense as 1901. It would be interesting to trace its origin in both countries. It is a rare instance of a word coming to mean two opposing ideas in different parts of the English-speaking world. In England, if used at all, it is in the American sense.

To resume—it is absurd to quote Mrs. Trollope's *Manners of Americans*, of 1832, as an English instance of the word "stateroom", even though she did use it of the "packet that took her across the sea"; and equally absurd to ask, "Who ever heard the Army and Navy Stores in London called the Army and Navy Shops?" What is called in America a Department Store is called in England not "a store", but "the Stores". Single stores are called shops. Finally, how can the quotation, "Any truck or cart, sledge, wagon, dray," endorse the use of "truck" for a "two-wheeled vehicle"?

I have not criticized the American use of any of the above words, but see no offense in calling them Americanisms. Mr. Tucker does seem to make an offense of calling any word or phrase whatever an Americanism, except when he admits it so to be, when it immediately becomes an offense to criticize it. I don't see how he can have it both ways, but he writes under a sense of injury. If I may adopt an expressive Americanism, we have got his goat. I am sorry for it, because there ought to be some way of straightening out these matters to our mutual satisfaction, and he has given us a good deal of help, though he would have given us a good deal more if he had tried to compose the quarrel instead of keeping it alive.

He is most interesting when he deals with words and expressions in common use in America, which are undoubtedly of old English origin but have dropped out of use in England. But

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even here he is out to make trouble. Nobody who knows the English Bible and Prayer Book is likely to deny that the American use of the word "sick" follows the old tradition, while the English use has departed from it. "I guess" is as old as Chaucer, and common in Shakespeare. "Gotten" is unassailable English, although none of Mr. Tucker's quotations seem to have any bearing upon the use of it which is common in America though archaic in England. Nevertheless I hold the authors of *The King's English* absolutely right in their contention that these are now to be classed as Americanisms. If an Englishman uses them he does so because he has adopted American usage. And why not? He would be paying a compliment to American speech which Mr. Tucker withholds.

I have noted a few other words that have died out in England but are in common use in America, upon which Mr. Tucker throws light. "Bug," for any sort of coleopterous insect, goes back to 1642. "Chore" is an old English dialect word; so is "stunt", if it is to be considered the same word as "stent", as it probably is. But we have cordially adopted "stunt" in England, with many other Americanisms, which Mr. Tucker objects to our calling so. "Some" for "somewhat" seems to be justified by "My well-beloved is some kinder than ordinary", of 1636. We have adopted that too, at least as slang. "Mad," for "angry", Mr. Tucker traces back to 1320, but gives no quotations. "Bully," for "excellent", was used in 1681; but in the quotation from *Punch*, of 1883, it is obviously intended for an Americanism. Mr. Tucker is not softened by any acceptance of American usage on the part of England.

It is quite true that we do not use "did not have" in England, and also that it is an unexceptionable form of the negative preterite. The American use of the word "have" might have been more largely treated. I have noted in an American book upon etiquette, "We want to have you dine with us," which would not be expressed thus in England. Perhaps Mr. Tucker is justified in some of the heat he engenders upon the phrase "did not have". He seems to have missed the point that the English alternative to "I did not have it" is not "I had it not", but "I hadn't got it", or I fear that his contempt would have been

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positively blistering. Certainly here the American locution is the better; but other uses of the word "have" seem to stand in need of defense.

Mr. Tucker hits one nail squarely on the head when he complains of English critics comparing the educated speech of England with any peculiarity of American speech that may be found anywhere. "If the talk of street loafers in American cities," he writes, "and the verbal peculiarities that one may find in outlying regions of Texas, are to be counted as characteristic of American speech, we must also take just as careful account, in striking the balance, of the lingo of the slums of London and Edinburgh and Cork, and of the jargon of the most unprogressive counties of the three Kingdoms." This is quite true, and if the average were struck between the whole of the United States and the whole of Great Britain and Ireland we should come out of the contest very badly.

In the matter of pronunciation there is a sort of central speech in England to which all educated speech tends to conform. It is not necessarily that, as Mr. Tucker believes or affects to believe, of "the higher strata of London society", which have passing fads and fashions of their own. It is to be heard more widely in London than elsewhere, but on the other hand a touch of Cockney, which is the London "dialect", is considered more of an offense against it than a touch of provincialism, while a touch of Scottish or Irish is without offense at all. I advance the opinion, with some trepidation, that American educated speech is tending towards this centralization. It seems to me that it is distinctly nearer to ours than when I last visited the United States over twenty years ago; and at the time of writing I have not yet visited Boston, where I am told the approximation is closest, and sometimes aimed at. I am referring here only to intonation and pronunciation, and even Mr. Tucker seems to agree that the English common speech is pleasanter sounding than the American. But the change is noticeable even in the use of words. I came over here quite prepared to say *elevator*, *store*, *depot* and *baggage*, whenever it was necessary, and generally do so; but *lift*, *shop*, *station*, and *luggage* seem to be in fairly common use, especially in the East, which they were not when I was last here.

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Possibly this marks a tendency, but I would lay no stress upon it. If there is one respect in which differences are unobjectionable on either side, and in which they are bound to continue, it is in the names of things. Apart from the fact that they may indicate slight differences in the things themselves, one will be usually found to be as good as the other, and the best way is to follow the custom of the country in which you may happen to be.

There are, however, one or two differences that tend to misunderstanding. I have only recently discovered—and that only through discussing a mistake in Mr. Mencken's book—that the English and American ways of beginning a letter are in direct opposition. Mr. Mencken says that in English usage, "'My dear' is more formal than simply 'Dear'." This is quite wrong. "My dear" is almost affectionate, and would never be used formally. But I am told that in American usage it is the more formal of the two. And Englishmen do not address complete strangers by name. Therefore, "My dear Mr. ——," which I suppose is purely formal in America, always strikes an Englishman thus addressed as somewhat effusive on the part of a stranger. On the other hand I imagine that an Englishman addressing an American friend as "My dear ——," wishing to express cordiality, must appear over-formal.

An Englishman of good standing does not allude to his wife, or an Englishwoman to her husband, as "Mrs. ——" or "Mr.——," except to inferiors. They would say "My wife," or "My husband," unless they used the Christian names. One allows, of course, for the difference of custom, when one knows of it, but the "Mr." and "Mrs." always bring with them a faint shock.

"How?" or "How's that?" for something to be repeated, always strike an English ear as discourteous. But this seems to be dying out among educated people. The almost universal "Yah", for "Yes", is a trick that may also be expected to die out of educated speech in time. It is at the least a roughness, frequently heard from people who are not rough, and its reminder of German speech does nothing to recommend it.

If all this indicates an attitude of British superiority, it is not so intended. The important thing is to get a common ground of agreement. This will not be done by Mr. Tucker's method

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of adopting the same air of superiority that has been found so irritating upon our side, though that system may provide good fighting material if nothing but a continued fight is wanted.

I would lay down as a broad statement that English conservatism is a valuable preservative of the written language, and that American energy and invention are always likely to outstrip ours in directing the current of speech. I do not think that Mr. Tucker has proved his point, "that the mother tongue suffers far less in this country than abroad from freakish changes of fashion, whether in regard to the vocabulary itself or the significance attached to hundreds of words." He has certainly not done so by his list of "Exotic Americanisms", so many of which are not Americanisms at all; and a further pursuit of the argument would probably show that what he would call freakish changes of fashion in England would be defended as signs of living growth if they had occurred in America. The English language has gained very largely, especially of late years, from American inventiveness; innumerable words and turns of speech have been welcomed and adopted in England from American sources. There is no prejudice against them any longer, when they are really expressive, and indeed it is hardly too much to say that America has already captured the position and is the recognized leader in whatever tends to invigorate and develop our common speech.

This is much to have gained, and it has been gained in spite of the protagonists. Speech that is really alive cannot be confined in the channels of tradition, nor can it be forced upon unwilling ears. It flows where it will, and novelties quickly become authoritative, if there is any need for them. But it is right that novelties should be examined upon their credentials. A vigorous counter-attack has not infrequently repulsed a new-comer which has shown signs of universal acceptance, but which has wilted away because it has been proved to lack the qualities that would have justified it. I believe that in this respect the best English and American traditions are one, and that we are doing no disservice to our common tongue in holding the fort, even though we may be driven now and again from some of our positions.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

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WOMEN'S CLUBS TO-DAY

BY ALICE AMES WINTER

THE significance of the Women's Club movement of to-day, since it includes a million—close on two million—members, is that it expresses a mass point of view. It is the more meaningful because it is not a class outlook. All the elements that are trying to disrupt the order of society are playing up group against group and class against class; and even the elements that propose to heal America of all her diseases are largely one-idea groups, each with its nostrum. Women's clubs are distinctly all-American in their constituency; ranging geographically from the big city organization with its thousands to the little body of isolated farm women or the ranchers' wives who drive sixty miles across the waste to attend a meeting, and sell one of the cows to get money to go to a convention; ranging intellectually from the Ph.D. to the shut-in woman who, in her middle age, is groping toward "culture"; ranging socially from the wage earner to the anathematized parasitic wife—whom by the way we used to call by the kinder name of lady in those good ancient days when the lure of marriage was voiced in the old song, "You shall neither wash dishes nor yet feed the swine, but sit in an easy chair, sew a fine seam, and live upon strawberries, sugar and cream." There are back eddies and small whirlpools and here and there a spot so dead that it is covered with green scum, but on the whole it is an imposing and steadily moving current. Its body is made up of the ordinary wives and mothers of America, and, because it is inclusive, it is an important factor in making for national consciousness as distinguished from group view-points.

And what *do* women want?

The overwhelming majority of club women were suffragists. They wanted the vote. Having secured it, their major interest is how to use it. One has but to glance over State reports to see that thousands of clubs are giving all or a part of their attention

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to the forms or the functions of government, not only of the United States, but of State, city and county, to the study of current theories of municipal administration, to the way that initiative, referendum and recall are working, to the various proposals for change, all the way from reactionary to radical, that are being talked in this very tumultuous world, to questions of social ethics. More than this, hundreds of clubs are applying their study to investigation of their own local conditions in surveys of how their government is working in the administration of police, institutions, fire protection, schools, parks and streets. They are apt to translate their investigation from the theoretic to the concrete and personal as—for a single instance out of many—in that State where every child committed to a public institution for delinquents has a "club mother" who looks out for his particular well-being.

A great change has crept over the attitude toward the home in the past five years, a change that women themselves hardly recognize. The war helped mightily to bring it about. The petty affairs of the household became no longer petty, but matters of public importance. What we ate, drank, wore, how we spent our money or saved it, how we used our leisure hours, most of all how we brought up our babies, all these matters became in a flash no longer our private affairs and nobody else's business, but basal questions of national efficiency. Women saw their homes as the units out of which society was built, and themselves administrators of those homes, as industrial and political factors. Some slipped back into the old point of view when the war pressure was lifted, but large numbers, and chiefly such as are accustomed to organized work, kept the new conception. Home management and work, which was the last of women's occupations to be lifted to dignity, which still remained drudgery rather than labor, now bids fair to become recognized as a major industry.

But the pendulum swings two ways. Everywhere women are not only saying that home affairs are public affairs, but they are also asking if public affairs are not home affairs. They are magnifying home dimensions. Not only what meat shall I give my family, but what, why and how are the packers; not only what is the price of wood, but what is the forest policy of the United

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States; not only what shall be the color of the dress, but what is the status of the dye industry. Oftenest of all does one hear the whole outlook of our Government discussed. Why budget the house and not the nation? The first thing in domestic budgetting is to decide on what are the major needs and what the minor wants of the family. In every State and town women are asking similar questions about national expenditure. Why should we spend nine-tenths of our public income on wars, present, past and to come? Why pay our money for the things that destroy life and not for those that upbuild? Why throw thirty millions gaily into a battle ship and haggle for months over two hundred thousand to save the lives of women and children? Does not our whole public attitude need changing to make the great things great and the little things little in the administration of public funds?

Clubs are pushing toward a certain national legislation which they believe will begin the upbuilding from the bottom and help in this readjustment of emphasis in expenditure and in administration. Uniform marriage laws throughout the country are asked. Divorce may be only an ugly symptom of a transitional period during which all outer force ceases to hold, whether of church or of state, and out of which we may in the future achieve a marriage in which personal honor and love shall be the binding powers, but in the meantime, women are asking to have society do all it can to strengthen the ideals. While marriage is the plaything of forty-eight State legislatures, each with its separate standards, it is hard to regard it as either a permanent or a dignified institution. The raising of education and public health to the importance of Cabinet recognition, with adequate financial support, is being asked by clubs everywhere, since the sound mind in the sound body is of primary importance to national efficiency. The home economics bills with their potential assistance to the development of the new home, and the home demonstration work are pushed, and the maternity bill, with a recognition that mothers and babies have as great a claim on public protection as hogs and sheep. Citizenship of married women independent of that of their husbands is a wide spread demand.

We hear of the millions of young women in industries. But

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there are also millions of older women who have been in factories and stores and have later gone into home-making duties. Many of these are club women. This accounts for the fact that clubs have always been in close sympathy with legislation for the protection of industrial groups, not only on account of personal relations, but also because of a realization that it is a matter of importance to the race that young women should have unstunted bodies and unwarped minds.

One of the marked phenomena of the last year or two is the awakening of the rural and small town woman to club organization and activity. The importance of her home occupation has reached her and lifted her in her own eyes and in return she is contributing to the larger world. Figures are not all at hand, but in one mid-western State one hundred and ninety new rural clubs have been added this year, and practically all of these are studying civics and government. Another reports eleven thousand new rural members in its organization. Thirty-seven States have club committees working for home demonstration agents. Here is a single instance of how it works. Last summer the extension work of a certain State in home economics was threatened. The chief writes, "For the first time since I have known the State, rural women—women from the isolated open spaces—came to town with their bags packed, ready to go to the State capitol and personally discuss with their legislators the question of disturbing a work that means so much to them. And that's what the club has done for them. Bringing them into contact with women who had already attained civic consciousness has given them a belief in themselves and a desire to exercise their rights as citizens." Needless to say, the work was saved.

County rural life clubs to bring isolated women together to study their own problems, either as related to the cost and selling price of farm products, or as they touch the children's school life, or the more spiritual influences of the household, are the response to this rapid development.

Originally clubs came into being simply as self culture organizations. The inevitable happened. As soon as the women got together they began to discuss their local conditions and needs. They forgot Browning for a few moments and talked about a rest

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room for the farmers' wives who came to town, or the need for a hospital. Or they enjoyed the books they had bought so much that someone proposed a little library for the town, and soon the bookcase became a room and then a building was needed. A recent report from a survey in one of the larger States says that ninety per cent of the libraries of that State were originally founded by women's clubs and mothered until it became possible to ask for an appropriation and turn them over to public authorities. A western State similarly reports that all but eight of its libraries were thus brought into being. In every State there are club scholarship loans, and hundreds of young women owe their normal or college education to these revolving funds. Or, in some cases, clubs on the trail of the moving picture atrocities began the agitation for censorship, or even found it best to open and run a movie house themselves—and made money at it.

While thousands of clubs are studying the mechanism of government, many are relating music to their own community life, not as a remote and difficult subject for trained specialists, but as an integral part of the daily well being. One notes a mining town of 5,000 where the club has brought together people of all races to give, for their own benefit, operas like *Aida*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and where the results on community understanding are more truly "Americanization" than many movements that dignify themselves by that name.

Many have swung their interest in the literature of the immigrant into an effort toward real understanding of the actual alien woman and her children, a wide spread movement that has its stories of human contact all the way from the little town among the mountains of Colorado to the heart of New York. Culture means to them just what it means in agriculture—a preparation of the soil for greater fertility. The meaning of to-day's currents, the relation between them and the individual life, the expression of them in music, art and literature, these are the elements of the study club of to-day, linking it directly with the active working club in a General Federation.

ALICE AMES WINTER.

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SERBIA'S WESTMINSTER

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

SOUTH of Belgrade the old, old road of the Schumadia, one of the oldest highways of Europe, curves about the wooded slopes of a small mountain which has always been held in particular veneration by the Serbs as the abode of friendly spirits and one of the hunting grounds of the noble Kraljevitch Marko and Sharatz, his piebald steed. The history of Mount Avala is a summary of all the history of the Serb race, from early misty times when strange potentates made excursions thence to perform feats of wonder and bravery, down to the battles which raged along its fringe of woods during the Great War, the war which won for the whole South Slav race freedom and unity and, we pray, peace at last.

The Schumadia road is slashed and torn by the shells of invader and defender, and fiendishly rutted after years of unalleviated travel by heavy-laden ox-carts and careening camions. It swings around several bare hill-sides and desolate gorges, criss-crossed with trenches and spotted with the occasional spectre of some destroyed cottage or abandoned *gostionitza*,[1] before reaching the luxuriant woods, sweet with flowers and ankle-deep in wild strawberry plants, that clothe the sides of Avala. Ridge rises above ridge, but not so steeply that walking is unpleasant even on a Balkan midsummer afternoon. Grassy openings in the forest occur, and occasionally we cross or re-cross the broad winding road which a former inhabitant of Avala built the better to convey his spoils and captives to the stronghold on top.

Avala Castle perches just where it should, on the extreme top of the hill, with unobstructed views east and west, north and south, across miles of rolling country. From this height all grim traces of war disappear, the chimneys of scattered farm cottages seem again to give forth the friendly curls of smoke denoting life

[1] *Roadside café.*

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and work, and the dun-colored Schumadia ribbon unwinds in great loops into the southern distance, to all appearance innocent of the gashes and bumps that make it so uncomfortable on closer acquaintance.

George Brankovitch, one of the last independent medieval princelets of Serbia, built this old fort, choosing a spot which tradition says had already been occupied by the strongholds of many chieftains. There is a story of how one of the proprietors of Avala (perhaps he was a Turk), being fond of the particular variety of bread baked at Semendria, a town on the Danube some twenty miles distant, and desiring it hot from the oven, stationed a row of servitors at three-foot intervals all the way from the bake-shop to his mountain top. The new-made bread was passed from hand to hand with great rapidity, and almost always arrived still fresh and warm. On the occasions when it did not arrive warm enough to suit the chieftain's taste the whole line of retainers had their heads chopped off and were replaced by others more devoted to their work!

By comparison with Chepstow or Coucy (the Coucy, that is, of eight years ago!) or its other famous West European contemporaries, Avala Castle seems small and rough. It has none of the marks of elaborate workmanship which distinguish some of the later Turkish erections in northern Serbia, such as Semendria, whose romantic castellated walls are reflected in the shallow stretches of the Danube. The stones of which it is built, however, are big enough to excite wonder as to how they were gotten into place, and evidently it was capable of good defense against the bands of pre-artillery days. All around the tumbled masonry is a tangle of raspberry and other less familiar bushes, and every sunny open space is carpeted thick with three-leaved strawberry plants, bearing the sweetest of all Serbia's sweet wild strawberries. It is said that they are particularly luscious because Sharatz delights in these tender plants, and crops them off each summer so that they return new and even sweeter the following spring.

In the centre of the grassy fore-court, which is the favorite place for Belgrade picnickers to spread their lunch, there is, since the war, a small wooden cross and an inscription that can hardly fail to awaken the visitor's liveliest imagination. It is the grave of

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erbian scout who was caught here on the summit of Avala and
ıt during one of the early engagements of the war, probably
en the Austrians crossed the Danube so over-confidently in
fall of 1914, only to be forced into disastrous retreat by the
nies of canny Voivode Mishitch. On the plain cross is the in-
iption, scrawled by some more than usually generous foe, *Ein*
ekannter serbischer Soldat.

This is Serbia's Westminster Abbey. This is Serbia's Arc de
riomphe. Here on the top of her sacred mountain lie the re-
mains of her Unknown Warrior. From here, surrounded by the memories of her bold and unhappy past, she can face the east and see where at last rises, or seems to rise, the sun of a long-promised better day.

Here to the peak of Avala will come the children of the future, here will be laid the nosegays of acacia and wild pansies of holiday makers, here will pause for a moment those whose sons and husbands lie in some unknown grave, in the valley of the Vardar or at Rudnik or among the crags of Albania or in the fever camps of Corfu or under the sands of Macedonia. Te Deums cannot be sung nor can troops defile here in honor of Serbia's *cheecha*. He will lie as he fell, and he will be honored as are best honored all of Serbia's war heroes, young men and old men and women and children, silently and far removed from all reminders of the civilization of the west.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

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APRIL IN NOVEMBER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Soft are the hours and delicately grey,
For, golden warmth to silver coolness turned,
The late year bringeth back an April day.
The lessons that from summer it had learned
Of ample lights and shadows and deep greens,
And all that autumn had of splendor taught
With carpets and with tapestries and screens
Of mingled vividnesses, are forgot
That now November's wistful alchemy
May draw from stores of earlier loveliness.
Quenched is the color, thinned the panoply
Of crowding leafage. Bare of any dress
The young trees stand and the wide ancient trees,
Or on their traceries wear as light a veil
As though they were but budding; and the breeze,
Ruffling their leaves (their little leaves and frail
And dry but seeming from a space away
To be so small and scant because so new),
Shows vernal tones of saffron and of grey,
Pale brown and paler green, each early hue
Re-echoed in a tender melody
By the last season ere the time of snows.
The slender birch and poplar-tree deny,
With their faint yellow where the rivulet flows,
That April died long since; and where with gold
And crimson once the thickets burned, are now
Dim pinks and greening whites, like those that hold
Assurance of awakening life. . . . Oh, how,
In all this delicate flutter of soft hue
And substance, in these gentle winds that wing
Such small white clouds o'er skies of pallid blue,
How can we look for death? Of birthtime sing
These voices of November, and her smile
Reminds not of past youthfulness but seems
Young spring itself, returning for a while
To weave its promise into winter's dreams.

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SANCTA SILVARUM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

A goddess hunts in the wood tonight,
Her feet are light and her hair streams wide;—
Sorrow, hide!

Full fast she flies and her leaping pack
Of shadows black flies faster yet;—
Lie low, regret!

The notes that trail from her windy horn
Of madness born beat where they will;—
Echo, be still!

What will she see when she leads the chase
By the low sweet place where the fern lies crushed?—
Ah pain, be hushed!

What will she start from that dewy bed
When she leaps ahead and the pack sweeps by?—
Ah memory, die!

FOR ONE DEAD

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

When I go down the empty street of Death,
And I have feared this street for its strange name,
Its clammy mist that might be hovering breath,
The darkened doors and windows void of flame;
When I go down this street exiled from all
That has been part of me—I think that now
I shall look back less often, shall recall
Less avidly the sun, the fruited bough.
It is not that I hope to see her go
Before me, bent against the wind, a book
Half slipping from her arm, but that I know
The street will have an eager, welcoming look;
Old Death shall find he's taken unaware
A lodger who plays host beneath his stare.

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THE ROBBER IN ENGLAND

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I am a robber from over the seas;
I have come stealing things like these:
The slant of the hills toward Parracombe Town,
The look of the sea from Porlock down,
The patchwork of fields with hedges between
Dividing the new-ploughed red from green
Like a magical quilt-stitch set to bind
Fields upon hills around and behind.
I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches
Where villages doze among the green patches,
Where each little house as the road winds around
Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,
For almost as natural as trees are they
With the dull brown thatch above the stone's old grey,
Or ancient plaster firm and mellow
In quiet tones of cream or yellow.
When I go home I shall carry away
Deep-drawn fragrance of Devon hay,
The teasing turn of a path like a dream
And the soothing flavor of Devonshire cream,
The fiery glance of poppies in corn,
The blessèd light on a holy book,
Through colored windows reverently borne
While overhead the sweet bells shook
For somebody married, somebody dead,
Or another hour of the ages, sped.
Into my treasury I shall thrust
Heather-plunder and bracken-rust,
Thorn of holly and ivy-bud
And songs of all the singing brood,
With English voices, cheery and sweet,
And the patient look of English feet
Clumsily shod and moving slow
Wherever the paths of the good land go,
Or on streets of London that twist and wind
Like the whimsical humor of the English mind.

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These and the angels weeping stone tears
In Westminster Abbey, forever and ever,
And the knights that sound the hours with spears
In Wells Cathedral, prompt and clever,
The combs the Romans used at Bath,
The Cheshire Cheese where Johnson made merry,
The Bloody Tower with its scenes of wrath,
And the old Cathedral of Canterbury—
These I have stolen, stolen away
To make them mine till my dying day,
And neither the King in Buckingham Palace,
Nor the gracious Queen with her crown of gold,
Will take them from me. For all without malice,
What I have taken I mean to hold.

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CONTENTMENT IN POVERTY

BY WILLIAM CHASE GREENE

THE expectant attitude of most of the people that I know gives me daily amusement and surprise. They are always waiting for their ship to come in. When it has arrived, they say, they are going to begin to be happy. Till then, of course, they must do the best they can with makeshifts; but then they are going really to live. Then they will travel, and build a new house, and go to the theatre twice as often, and have really good clothes; till then, they will have to get along with illustrated magazines and bargain counters. Now, what surprises me is not that they should feel a vague curiosity about their ship, but that they should ever expect to see it, and that they should so definitely postpone happiness till its problematic arrival. Perhaps we are so hopeful because we live in a new and growing country. Yet no one imagines that any fairy godmother is going to double our incomes all round, this week or next year. If wealth is to be increased on a large scale, it will be either only in the conspicuous case of a Midas here and a Crœsus there, or in our discovery of forgotten assets that can readily be cashed in. Crœsus and Midas somehow appeal to our imaginations less than they used to do; and we know that as a matter of sober fact it is not likely to be our roofs that the golden lightning will strike. In all probability, most of us will remain all our lives in our present comparative poverty. Nevertheless, I suspect that we can force Crœsus, Midas, and Co. to honor rather largely our drafts on our very poverty.

In speaking of poverty it is well to be somewhat definite and concrete. There is a sort of poverty that is of the Devil; it means squalor, famine, and disease. I hold no brief for such poverty, or for its forbears, or for its offspring. There is, too, an elegant sort of "straitened circumstances" that means giving up one of the automobiles and the better brands of cigars; it deserves few tears. But between these limits exists the province of true pov-

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erty, in which more than half of us always live—and usually wish we did not, and see no reason why in a free America we should not emerge from it. This is the province of skilled laborers and of most professional men; it includes the men who run their own furnaces and the women who "do their own work" but not other people's. From it comes the bulk of the support of the movies, the public schools, the Ford car, professional base-ball, and the church. Some of its members climb into the more affluent minority, and some fall among the tragic fraction of the submerged; but their places are always being taken by recruits from the other classes. On the whole, the wealth and the comfort of those whom I describe as truly "poor" is slowly increasing; but unless new sources of wealth are tapped for a population that remains stagnant, there can be no very sudden increase of wealth or comfort for the "poor" as a class. Yet most of the increase in happiness of the nation, if each individual is to count for one and only one, must come within this class, for the obvious reason that it includes most of the population. I am not at all sure that the bulk of the population is conspicuously more happy to-day than it was one hundred years ago, or three hundred years ago. But I am confident that the "poor" have in their possession or within their reach enough assets for happiness to make Crœsus look foolish.

If these seem to be homiletic abstractions, they can be tested in daily experience. The *pater familias* who has actually taken his share in the bringing up of children, perhaps primarily because there was no one else at hand to help the mother, may feel that the details of feeding, amusement, and discipline take time that he can ill afford; but he finds that he knows the little beggars in an intimate way that is denied to the father who is wealthy enough to suppose that he can depute all such matters to others. Nor is he my only witness. Ask the sunburned amateur gardener, whose peas are always "better than you could buy"; the confirmed walker, who can hardly be prevailed upon to accept a lift from well-meaning motorists; the music-lover whose concerts are perforce few, but who prefers his own efforts on the fiddle to the allurements of "canned music". In the homely matter of meals, the only testimony worth having

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is that of the person whose experience includes both Persian plenty and domestic frugality; yet ask the maid-attended family what meal in all the week they anticipate with most pleasure, and notice how often the immediate answer tells of Sunday night, when the maid is out, and supper is only a picnic before the open fire or on the veranda, when Edith brews the tea and Roderick does the toast to a burn. Most *soi-disant* "brain-workers" are constantly on the verge of premature senility, a disease which shows itself much less in the products of their minds than in their personal habits—in caste assumption, in lack of adaptability and practical sense. For them, the economies and the manual labor enforced by the war have often proved rejuvenating. The abstract thinker while sifting ashes and painting the stairs has learned something of physics and sociology; it is the laboratory method that he most needs. Even when the intellectual expert chafes at being compelled by stress of economy to spend his valuable leisure in chores that "any laborer" could do, the question remains whether the whole man does not gain, even though the expert suffers.

Nor is the champion of poverty hypocritical if he occasionally accepts with delight the rare pleasures that only a more ample margin of wealth can afford. The very rarity of the occurrence is a sufficient guarantee both that he is in no danger of being debauched by it and that his enjoyment may be the more intense. The appetite for music, like the appetite for food, is most keen when not jaded by over-indulgence. Few of those who hear the Franck Symphony gain more pleasure from it than those whose half-starved ears are familiar with every note of it not from much concert-going but from much experimentation with it on the piano at home. "Fools are they," wrote the old Greek poet, "who know not how much more is the half than the whole, nor what blessedness there is in mallow and asphodel."

If we must admit that many luxuries and comforts are beyond the reach of the average "poor" man, he takes for granted many conveniences that our grandfathers would have considered the perquisites of only the lucky few. There is no harm in these conveniences in themselves, if we do not get the notion that it is necessary to have them all in order to be happy, and that the more

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we have of them the happier we shall be. I admit, for example, that I like electric light; but I had no cause to complain when, for what I considered good reasons, I chose to move from the delights of electricity to a house that could boast only gas. Is it not curious that in our materially progressive age we are so completely happy when we "cut loose from civilization," whether momentarily in the guise of a picnic or in the more lasting form of "camping out" or "roughing it"? It is then that we feel most fully that we are on our own resources, as the humble servants and assistants of Mother Nature. If we can bring ourselves to see that frugality is only a prolonged picnic, a sort of self-imposed athletic training, we shall not greatly envy the lot of those who have to live in stupidly correct houses and wear uncomfortably stylish clothes. And frugality has indeed the essential character of a game: the attempt to do one's best within the limitations imposed by the rules. If our grandfathers contrived to get along, moderately well, without a good many of the things that can be acquired only by feverish efforts, it seems reasonable to suppose that, other things being equal, we should be as happy as they if we were no more liberally supplied than they. What is not equal, of course, is the glittering superfluity of our neighbors: but it is not at all clear why that should trouble our peace of mind. If moderate industry will provide us with moderate means, as under normal conditions it generally does, we have our choice: we may fret ourselves in the hope of greatly increasing our means, a hope not often realized by many under normal conditions, and a hope that offers no certain prospect of any increase in happiness under any circumstances; or we may frankly accept our moderate means, our comparative poverty, and employ our leisure according to our own tastes. Acceptance is the choice of the really happy.

Most failures in happiness arise from an almost incredible faith in the potency of inert things and a naïve distrust of ourselves. But, after all, satisfaction, or contentment, or whatever the phrase may be, is a state of mind; and chattels have not an absolute value. To the golfer who already has half-a-dozen clubs, every new addition to his outfit represents a diminishing return. Happiness, to be sure, can no more easily exist *in vacuo* than golf can be played in a void. But its essence is neither acquisitive-

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ness nor passive possession, but the active use of a limited number of things; like golf, it is stance, and swing, and head-work, and control of nerves. At no distant day, we are told by those who should know, there will be an end of the fuel on which rests the machinery of our precarious civilization, and we shall have to depend more than ever on our human selves. If we are wise, we shall begin betimes to reckon up our human assets, and see what remains that can be converted into happiness. Unless I am mistaken, we shall find that we have of late been educating ourselves and our children into a rather blind confidence in the blessedness that inevitably follows an increase of wealth. I am inclined to think that our schools are in many ways better than they used to be: but, to apply a crucial test, do they succeed in showing the boys and girls that it is possible to have a good time with simple means,—with home-made and makeshift toys, for example,—or do they encourage the notion that the larger the material equipment at hand the more the fun? The school buildings are certainly better; is the teaching of human experience better? And, not to throw undeserved blame on the schools, does it do any good to preach the simple life to youngsters who are carried home in limousines to indigestible dinners?

All this will not go unchallenged: I can hear the rebellious voices of many a scoffer. There is the supercilious young man who considers the domestic scenes that I have mentioned too bourgeois, and who chafes at the very thought of poverty, and thinks it should never be accepted in any spirit save that of fierce protest. I shall not be at pains to convert him to any special brand of happiness, for happiness cannot be forced on anyone; but I am afraid that he may discover that he is temperamentally unfitted to be happy. Then there is the angry friend of the people who thinks I must be a tool of the capitalists, hired to deter the down-trodden poor from rising against the rich. I suppose I shall protest in vain that I am all on the side of the poor in many of the abstract questions of justice; but in the very practical matter of happiness I find by observation that happiness is not often reducible to a calculus of things lacking or things possessed. The capitalist, too, will have his angry word for me, because he fears that I advocate slackened effort and diminished production.

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But can he not see that I am concerned only with the very practical and immediate effect of a man's view of the things that he personally needs? I am more terrified by the critic who may accuse me of retailing a Pollyanna philosophy, of a cheap optimism, of a denial of evil. But there is evil enough in the world and to spare, without magnifying the evils of moderate poverty. Nine-tenths of the world have always had as little material well-being as nine-tenths of us have to-day, or rather less, and have yet contrived to produce games, dances, music, and poetry—fairly good signs of superabundant energy. There are devoted men of genius, to be sure, scholars and scientists and artists, who could do great things if they were not obliged to spend so much of their time in keeping the wolf from the door. Yet much as this is to be deplored, I am the less disturbed by it when I think of the men of undoubted genius who have ceased to produce works worthy of themselves as soon as they have achieved more than modest competence: possibly even the poet sings best on an empty stomach.

Yet there are more weighty objections to a doctrine of contented poverty. Happiness may be bought at the expense of others. *Pater familias* may be quite content to jog along on nothing a year, immersed in his vocation and his avocations, forgetting that others of his family may be reduced to something little short of suffering —unfashionable clothes, for example. The man who has wedded himself to Lady Poverty and to a terrestrial spouse is guilty of some sort of bigamy, and it is hard for him to be true to both wives. There is no easy way out of this dilemma; but the question is fortunately a relative one. And it is because the whole question is a relative one that it is of such eternal interest. We cannot live at all without a minimum of material resources; up to an uncertain and variable point our happiness seems to increase with increasing wealth. Some kinds of work depend on the use of large amounts of funded capital or an ample margin of leisure. But beyond a comparatively low point there is no evidence to show that for men as individuals happiness will accrue as rapidly as wealth is increased; there is even some evidence to the contrary. Where the point of diminishing returns may be, I do not presume to say; probably it varies with individuals, and is sometimes rec-

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ognized, alas, only after it has been irretrievably passed. And there is no rule of thumb to help us; for happiness is not a science but an art.

So I shall not be greatly worried if I hear that my neighbor is getting a new car. I shall not even feel defrauded if I find it impossible to "buy a book a week." As I look about the room in which I write, I see a good many books that have rested on my shelves for some years, for lack of time unread. Probably they will keep if I read them as slowly as they deserve to be read.

WILLIAM CHASE GREENE.

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A NEAPOLITAN SONNETEER

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THE tourist in a European city where he has no acquaintance, and whither he has gone, after the manner of most such visitors, unprovided with letters to establish him in social relations there, peoples it for himself with literary associations. Every beautiful woman who rides towards him down the Champs Elysées in a luxurious victoria is Mme. de Beauséant, every young elegant is Maxime de Trailles; any frowning Venetian *palazzo* may be hiding the swift decline of Milly Theale, any fair estate is Matcham.

And so, as he is being swept along in a steamer bound for Naples, past the strung-out necklace of sapphire islands, past Posilipo and Cape Misenum to where the city rises white and shell-shaped to the Castello, he will see that splendid panorama perhaps as the setting for the leisures and love-affairs of elegant foreigners like the English father and daughter and their French visitor in Gautier's *Jettatura*, or for the pretty but less richly appointed American romance of Aldrich's *Two Bites at a Cherry*, or for the pathetic idyl of *Graziella*.

But unless he knows the native literature well enough to have read at least Matilde Serao's *Paese di Cuccagna*, he will perhaps not be thinking at all of the true Neapolitan life, that swarming, seething, passionate life of Via di Toledo, of the *popolani* who breed and stifle in the insanitary *Funneco verde*, get themselves condemned to the prison of San Francisco, claim sanctuary in Sta. Maria del Rifugio, or amuse themselves in the theatre of *o Fondo*.

Yet this is the Naples of Signor Salvatore di Giacomo, and it has sufficed him as subject for the successive volumes of a lifetime. From his first essays at short stories, recently assembled with an introduction by Benedetto Croce in a volume called *Novelle Napolitane*, to the collection of verse, *Canzoni e ariette*

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nove, published in 1916, he has never but once wandered further afield than across the bay to Sorrento or around the point to Marechiaro, nor touched the social order at a higher level than some superannuated second-rate actress, or the *padrone* of a cheap *tintoria* or *osteria*. His one excursion beyond the confining circle of the Bay was a musical, poetical, studious sojourn at Ulm, which produced a collection of German sketches not very characteristic or full of interest.

Usually even the lower bourgeoisie is above the skyline of his interest, which centres in the grotesque and tragic elements of Neapolitan low life. There are beggars and gamblers, hunchbacks, thieves, women of evil life, vagabonds who have come down in the world, butchers, puppet-showmen, swagger non-coms who turn the heads of foolish girls and then forsake them, jailers and jailbirds, and keepers of the secret lottery banks. These varied folk sing the famous street songs of Naples, and sometimes write them; they go to the theatres of the marionettes; they listen to the recitations of fifteenth century *cantastorie* who still narrate at the street corners the prowess of Orlando, and send their listeners home to lie awake with anxiety because the brave Rinaldo has fallen into the hands of the treacherous Maganzesi; they fall in and out of love, and when they grow suspicious of a sweetheart's fidelity punish her with the *rasoiata*, a razor-cut on the cheek that spoils her beauty and keeps her faithful.

The war has supervened now upon this swarming life, but except that they have doubtless learned to hate the *Tedeschi* harder, it is not easy to believe that the Neapolitans of Via di Toledo have any concern with its causes and objects, except to clamor for Fiume when they are flown with wine. What they will care about is to learn that Carulì's Peppe will never return, because he was killed in action, or that Amalia's Tito has returned, but not to her.

An Italian observer recently in the United States, who found it equally astonishing to Latin blood that there should be schools of philanthropy and schools of journalism, remarked that in Italy, *Si nasce giornalisti come si nasce poeti.* Signor di Giacomo was born both, and the journalist, poking about the wharves and rookeries of lower Naples, studying the *mala vita* of the old mari-

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time city, found the subjects which the poet has interpreted in both verse and prose.

Above all, in verse, Di Giacomo is a great lyric poet, and his Neapolitan songs are on the lips of every guitarrist under the tourist's window at night, and the tarantella is often danced to them at Sorrento. His are the loveliest songs composed each year for the Piedigrotta festival, every one a miracle of melody. Indeed when Benedetto Croce brought the early short stories together in a volume in 1914, he did so avowedly to show the public that the well-known poet could write prose.

But he is also a striking dramatic poet, and for the versifying of that colorful Neapolitan life he has invented what is almost a new form, a kind of dramatic sonnet—a terse, jerky, nearly monosyllabic dialogue or monologue, fitted into fourteen lines of correctly rhyming hendecasyllabics, oftentimes with even a line or two of stage directions, and a list of *dramatis personæ*. The dialogue sonnet, indeed, is not new in Italian literature. It was practised in the fifteenth century, for example, by the quick wit and ready pen of Antonio Cammelli (*Il Pistoia*), and a line which he addresses to himself might well be the device of Di Giacomo:

Di tutto quel che vedi fai sonetti.

But the latter carries his dialogue a step further, forcing it to tell a story, and has compressed a hundred little episodes of humble life, violent, pitiful, or shabby, into the most stately and traditional of lyric forms. To make the challenge sharper, they are, like every other line of his verse, in the Neapolitan dialect.

The question of the vitality and survival value of dialects is an interesting one. Even recognized languages would seem somewhat threatened by the development of international ideals, and the Italian dialects, scattered over a land of no great extent, appear to be doomed to blend and vanish with the advent of political union, conscription and compulsory education; yet they were never more flourishing, and seem to be declaring for a self-determination which endangers the prestige of Tuscan and the Manzonian vocabulary. Grazia Deledda and Giovanni Verga have accustomed us to the frequent appearance of Sardinian and Sicilian words and phrases in their pages, and for a classic

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example of single works composed wholly in dialect there is Goldoni, with his many comedies in Venetian; but it is more surprising to find an important modern poet confining all his poetic composition within the frontiers of a dialect.

The literary use of dialect is sharply questioned by some critics, but perhaps it may be dismissed as less a literary problem than a human. The authenticity of the impulse is the great thing, and the unself-consciousness of its use. If dialect feels most like his native language to the poet, and he is not merely attempting a learned "revival", then no doubt he will write in dialect best. A contemporary of Signor di Giacomo, Luigi Pirandello, who has recently published a comedy composed entirely in Sicilian, writes on this question with great good sense in the preface to his play:

> The act of creation, the imaginative activity which the writer must furnish, whether he use dialect or language, is always the same. If it be the same, why, then, does the writer make use of the dialect, that is, of a means of communication *necessarily more limited, instead of the language?* . . . Either the poet is not in possession of the wider means of communication, that is, the language; or, having knowledge of it, he yet feels himself unable to wield it with that vivacity, that spontaneous intimacy which is the primary and indispensable condition of art; or else the nature of his sentiments and concepts is so rooted in the region of which he is making himself the interpreter that any form of expression other than dialect would seem to him unsuitable and incoherent; or the thing to be represented is so local that he could not find expression for it outside the limits of the thing itself. A dialect literature, in short, is designed to remain within the borders of the dialect. If it goes beyond them, it will be enjoyed only by those who are familiar with the given dialect, and with the peculiar usages, customs and life which the dialect expresses.

So we may suppose, as long as Scots is alive on Scottish tongues or in Scottish memories, that Burns is as sure of his place in English literature as Shakespeare, though he must put up with fewer readers. But Burns is an imperfect parallel to Signor di Giacomo, because a prime characteristic of these dramatic sonnets is their effect of contemporaneity. Kipling might be a better one, save that his verses are not sonnets; or the now forgotten but excellent *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* and the *Love Sonnets of a Street Car Conductor*, which present the same impertinent contrast between stately form and slangy idiom, save that they are not dramatic but meditative. The result of Signor di Giacomo's experiment

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is most like, perhaps, a *Limehouse Nights* in sonnet sequence; but a *Limehouse Nights* lacking the sinister, unaccountable element of the Chinese character, and warmed and lighted by the south Italian sunshine.

Neapolitan is rather harder than Venetian, though easier than Sicilian, but the reader who will take the trouble to learn it will be richly rewarded by these striking sonnets of Signor di Giacomo. The poet has used the same "copy" that the journalist found for the short stories, and the latter make a useful background for these almost too elliptic verses. Many of the sonnets are grouped. A dozen or more describe the life of *'O Funneco verde*, the unsavory old tenement which has since been torn down to further the work of public sanitation. Here is a girl who has turned to the bad and broken her mother's heart, but comes home with gold and caresses and pretty frocks, and wins her affection again; and there a mother and daughter are seated quietly sewing, when the police come to announce that their son and brother has been stabbed in the street below; an illicit game of lottery is broken up, and makes a grotesque genre picture full of humor; there is the scene of breathless excitement throughout the neighborhood on the day of the public drawing; there are the grumbling midwife summoned in haste from her own affairs, the old woman money-lender who claims interest of three pennies upon a loan of four, and the sorceress who works with spells of hair and wax and portraits to win back faithless lovers. This last sonnet has these stage directions: "A basin with water on a table in the middle of the room. It is night. Giulia, the *signurella*, muffled in a black shawl, is leaning near the bed of Marianna, who is stirring the water with a little stick. It is raining." Here is the sestet:

"What does it mean?" "If this wax melts away,
Forget him; it would mean he is untrue."
"That girl! Madonna! . . . Not that girl,—I pray!"
"Now let's see. If the wax is melted through. . . .
Ah, my poor girl!" "It's . . . melted?" "Yes, but I—"
"The brute! Now show me how to make him die!"

A touching series of eight sonnets tells the story of Zi' Munacella, a nun who invokes an ancient church immunity on behalf of her lover, at the cost of her own liberty for life, only to be told by the

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Mother Superior that the crime for which he was condemned had been committed for jealousy of another woman. *'O Munasterio* pictures a poor sailor turning from an unfortunate love affair to the religious life, without any vocation, and still longing for the beautiful world, for green things growing, and for his little fishing boat at night with its lights fore and aft, and the waters of the bay with the moonlight on them. A group entitled *The Street* includes a sonnet upon the old clothes dealer and his indifference to the pathetic and dramatic stories hidden in his wares; the brief tale of a girl who carries to her lover in prison in "San Francisco" an excellent meal of cheese and chicken, bought at a price which he would not like to know of; and a violent bit of realism called *The Dead Man*, where a woman, finding one lying at her door in the morning, mistakes him for drunk, and pours a bucket of cold water on him, crying: "For shame! In the morning, too! And in front of the Church of San Severino!"

Assunta is the defense made before the judge by her lover who has killed her in a fit of jealousy. This one is not a sonnet, but rather more like a ballad, in rough, vigorous metre:

I said to her, "Listen, just listen to me.
  It's useless to talk to you,
Yes, *infama*, I know it . . . but listen!
  Just listen. . . . Don't laugh, Assù!"

Then of a sudden she said to me,
  "Let go of me! Let me be!
It's no good, I am tired of you.
  Let go of me, Federì!"

And turning, she threw a greeting
  To a man on the pavement-rim.
And her eyes, how they sparkled at him! . . .
  Oh God! how she looked at him!

So, judge . . . have some pity on me . . .
  I lost my wits, judge, that's flat.
"Have you no feelings in you?" I cried at her.
  "Are you just trash? Then . . . take that!"

An unforgettable sequence describes a tragedy taking place in the infamous old prison of "San Francisco," which gives its name to the series.

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"You here? You, Don Giovanni!" . . . "As you see.
I've come to join your precious company."
"For bloodshed?" "Humph, yes, blood. I lost my head.
And you?" "I bluffed their warning, so they said."

The clock strikes nine, the other prisoners undress and prepare for bed, punctuating the wonted acts with profanities and obscenities; but the two old acquaintances agree to stay up and talk, as the jailer's friendliness, so the more experienced inmate promises, can be assured for a lira. The jailer enters:

"This is a friend of mine. He's just come in."
"Well?" "He's not sleepy." "Well, what's that to me?"
"If you'd let him—To keep awake's no sin."
"Not go to bed? He sha'n't stay up, not he!"

"My friend, he's just got here. . . . You know he's been—"
"What are you telling me? You let him be.
What does he think this is? A jail, or inn?
We make no fine distinctions here, you see."

"I have a lira here." "What's that you say?"
"I said I had a lira. What about
My handing you—?" "Come nearer, and speak lower.
In paper?" "No, sir, it's in soldi." "Eh,
Just hand them over softly. Wait! Look out!
My job is up if one goes on the floor."

Don Peppe thus appeased, the two men sit down together on the bench, and the newcomer, Don Giovanni, tells the other, Tore "Nfamità", of his wife's infidelity:

"But, Don Giovà," said Tore, "Do you claim—
Your Ronna Ndriana? I don't see, you're so. . . ."
"Do me the favor—Not that woman's name,
Or, call her by her right one,—which? *you know*.

"I've killed her." "Don Giovà!" "Yes. For her shame."
"Ndriana killed! But when?" "A week ago.
With some fine young signor she played her game.
I killed her as I'd kill a dog. One blow.

"But here! Why d'you draw off?" "I? Move away?
I don't." "Oh yes, you've squeezed half off the bench."

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"I? Not at all." "Come nearer." "Ay. . . . You say
You heard—?" "She fooled me for a year, the wench.
You know who he was?" "Who . . . he was?" "Yes, *who?*
That fine friend? Don't you know?" "No . . . who?"
"'*Twas you!*"

The seventh and last sonnet details the murder of "Nfamità" by Don Giovanni, who then calls in the jailer with ferocious satisfaction:

"Call in Don Peppe! . . . Here you see my friend.
He . . . loved me well. I've killed him.
Tit for tat!
It cost me just a lira. Cheap at that!"

Something of the jerky, overtaking rapidity of the dialogue of these strange sonnets can be carried over into English, along with their dramatic subject matter, but the melody, and humorous or melancholy sweetness of the lyrics, must be taken on trust. In them there is little substance, save a general mood of love or longing, and a sense of the beauty of moonlight over the Parthenopean landscape. Their spell lies partly in their refrain, their lilt, and their temper, and partly in an appealing quality, when used for lyric effect, of the wholly untranslatable dialect. Perhaps one attempt at a lyric may be worth making. For sweetness of feeling and apparent artlessness of melodic effect, *Rosa, Rusè* is fairly typical.

ROSA, RUSÈ

Rosa, Rusè, if it may be,
One thing I would know.
How did your mother make you
So full of grace, to grow?

Is that mouth a mouth or a strawberry?
Are these eyes, or the Milky Way?
How you are all enchantment,
Rusella mine, Rusè!

Rosa, Rusella,
Hold out your hands.
Let not my heart fall
Down on the sands.

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Love is all made
Of little things.
And here is my heart,
Oh Girl, which sings!

Rosa, Rusè, explain it to me,
The very best you know,
Tell it me plainly and simply,
Do you love me or no?

Pray tell me, are you aware of it,
How I whirl like a moth in your ray?
Hold out your hands and clasp me,
Rusella mine, Rusè!

Rosa, Rusella,
Hold out your hands,
Let not my heart fall
Down on the sands.

Love is all made
Of little things.
And here is my heart,
Oh Girl, which sings!

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

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CHARACTER

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

In his talk at the assembly, he told the students that a good many of them ought not to be in college at all; they should be clerking or something like that. He enlarged upon these observations and then declared that they were hardly worth making, as the wrong persons always took them to heart. So far the boards were clear; he could begin all over again. The students that counted, he went on, were not likely to be very prominent. At this point, I was sorry I did not know the football captain; I should have liked to scrutinize his face. Perhaps he wasn't there; in fact, as attendance was voluntary, his absence was foregone, as was that of the editor of the college paper, or any of the prominent students unless it were the president of the Y. M. C. A. His address after that was devoted to those who were not at that time prominent but who were destined to be in after life, most of whom, I assume, were present.

The main portion of his talk was about character and character building. Now, of course, the attainment of character is the chief endeavor in life, the one thing desirable. It is, however, most difficult; the roads and the valleys thereof are likely to be strewn with much that is distressing, much that is horrible, an aggregation of bones, dry bones. Yet at all costs character must be had and the best way to capture it is to follow the beckoning of that stern law-giver, duty. Thus he proceeded, or perhaps a little better than this; he was speaking *extempore* and his argument was delayed in gladsome interludes. He maintained, or else I was dreaming, that character was more important than getting lessons; he played, as it were, right into the hands of the football captain. And so I became reconciled to the latter's absence. And then I think I must have fallen asleep.

In any case I was aware no longer of a speaker, but simply of a far off rippling, splashing, like the cadences of water. The words

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carried no distinctness, and yet it was as if they were a continuation of something of which my mind had been a part. We had met and blended and then diverged. The same interests no longer invited us, yet my mental current was floating particles of that contact, and, strangely enough, I felt as if those particles were impure; my own stream would have to go until sundown before it could become clear again.

The two most woeful experiences we are called upon to undergo are the hearing of sermons and the acquiring of character. Not that sermons may not be delightful and character admirable—I wish to engage in no quarrel. I am simply propounding a condition of woe.

> "A new commandment," said the smiling Muse,
> "I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach";—
> Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
> And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
> Hafiz and Shakspeare with their shining choirs.

Now I hold no brief for the paleness of Luther, Fox and the other worthies, yet I think they might well have grown pale; not that they were always preaching, but because they were so constituted that they were forever tempted to preach; that yawning chasm never ceased to confront them. One of them, in his agony or might, threw an ink bottle—at, we hope, the tempter of sermons. For no better conceivable use could be made of ink bottles; if, for instance, Zarathustra or Jonathan Edwards or Thomas Paine had possessed a bucketful of them and knew their curves, they would have delighted us more by pure vision and tortured us less by a corrupt habit of sermonizing.

A history of the origins, growth and sovereignty of sermons would be instructive; I greatly fear, however, that such a study will never be undertaken with any thoroughness. We necessarily know so little of the mental processes that long ago arrested those men apes when they were eating their first apples—when purity that had no opposite became festered with a conscience, when—but that was a tragic time; it may be well that its catastrophes are holden from us. Yet I wonder if what those ancestors went through may not be from time to time reëxperienced—in races, in children—and my wonder rises to a certainty whenever I see

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the little less and the little more crowding from their centres. Then hypocrisy and prejudice steal over to the side of virtues; duty and character touch hands with sin; then also sermons and religion gaze at one another from afar.

There was a nation once (perhaps it exists still) which has been characterized by an astute observer as "this petty, unsuccessful unamiable people, without politics, without science, without art, without charm." And yet, in spite of the strictures which I have quoted, the writer is springing to the defense of this nation. They deserve a great place in the world's regard, he says, and are likely to have it greater, as time goes on, rather than less. I shall not give the steps by which he comes to his conclusions but shall quote a phrase or two that this nation got down in books:—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." "The righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth." "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more, but the righteous is an everlasting foundation."

"All, or very nearly all, the nations of mankind," says Matthew Arnold, "have recognized the importance of conduct, and have attributed to it a natural obligation. They, however, looked at conduct not as something full of happiness and joy, but as something one could not manage to do without." Of this nation, he avers, happiness is its being's end and aim "and no one has ever come near Israel in feeling and in making others feel that to *righteousness belongs happiness.*" Yes, these were the days of Israel's innocence; it was the period before she had eaten apples and the experiences she had gone through had left in her no doubts. She didn't preach; she made statements; she rejoiced. When her experiences became more complex and rich and direful, then she began to have her misgivings, to drone agedly of conduct and duty. Sermons, as I have said, entail a condition of woe. But I think that I have spoken enough about them.

There is a number of things like virtue, duty, character, which seem at first sight to stand for the bloom of excellence but which, when they are tried out, are found to be like fruit grown upon waste soil—most bitter. They are spoken of thoughtlessly as

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positive, absolute things whereas their very essence is indirect, relative and often a negation. They are entirely different from "human nature," for instance, or "personality," which actually do stand for something positive and luminous. The first set is easy and therefore cultivated; the second set is innate and rare.

When a dog does something like a dog, when he exhibits one of those characteristics which dogs exhibit, we say "how human!" and this is the highest compliment we can pay a dog. But let us come to close quarters with character, and as literature bears so many gifts to life, I shall take my first illustrations from literature.

In his *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer describes some very wicked and companionable and radiant personalities who are without shame and without character. I forbear to mention them. He also describes people like the parish priest and the plowman who are rather more abstract than human: they are types; they are sermons; they abound in character. He describes other people, the knight, for instance, and the prioress. Now the most interesting thing in life to Chaucer is life itself; and therefore, when he is in his best vein, he is not careful to register what he approves of and of what he disapproves. These are matters quite secondary to life. He is not always in his best vein. You know very well, for instance, that he approves of the knight. Here is a man worthy and gentle, meek, brave; he is all those things which a good knight should be. Far less a type than the plowman, the knight nevertheless lacks definiteness; he does not stand out luminously; he is, indeed, a bit of a figure-head. Chaucer is apparently more interested in depicting a vivid ideal than he is in describing a living individual.

It is quite otherwise with the prioress. Here is a lady luxuriating in the blessed contradictions of human nature. She is unquestionably religious and rather worldly. She is dignified, affable, self-conscious, sentimental, dainty, and is possessed of great charm. Foibles she has in abundance, affectations, poses.

But there is another woman whom Chaucer partly describes and partly puts into action, and it may be, one cannot be sure, that her character would suffer in comparison with that of the prioress. Sweetness and light are not wholly in her style. "Ex-

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perience," she said, "is good enough for me; I have known my world in my day." The wife of Bath craves experience, life, and accordingly she is the most actual person in Chaucer; she stands for the shrine at which he worships. If one could imagine Shakespeare as having been becalmed at sea in a supposititious voyage with the Pilgrim Fathers, what a boon he would have found in the wife of Bath!

The principles that govern art are absolute principles; they apply equally well to life—they are life's mirror. And they are useful in that they are fairly patent and discoverable. You try to characterize Agnes, for instance, that perfect woman; but you have never seen Agnes—you don't know her: what's worse, you have no notion what a perfect woman is. You do happen to know all about Dora, poor futile Dora, and if you have the artist's instinct, you can put her down, and all the people will exclaim "How human! how charming!" simply because she is alive, and they will say of Agnes, "O, she's so stupid, so good!" simply because she is dead. If you should try to characterize God, what a fizzle you would make of it, and for the very same reason that you made a fiasco of Agnes. You would be dealing with someone that you didn't know. But if you should try to characterize the devil, you might succeed very well indeed; there is a person you might have experienced. Why labor the question further? Dickens didn't know Agnes, nor did Milton know God; they knew Dora and Lucifer.

But another condition surrounds these creatures of art. A writer cannot say to himself with any assurance—"Go to now, I will depict so and so—him I know all about; but this other one I will let alone—she is quite out of my line"—a writer cannot say this with any assurance because he doesn't know what or whom he knows. With what certainty could Hawthorne have maintained that he knew Clifford Pyncheon; or Shakespeare, Caliban! They might have called to these creatures ever so loudly, but they would not have come. An artist may fail in the very thing wherein he thought he was certain of success and he may succeed where he thought failure was immanent. It is true enough, as Milton says, that the life of a poet should be a poem, but who knows what a poem life is? If Milton knew it

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for Milton, he knew it for nobody else, and one might strive until doomsday to lead a Miltonic, a poet's life, and yet thwart his brightest instincts, strangle all the humanity out of himself.

This sonata, then, which may be so fine, this characterization which is so real, these are mirrors in which their creators are reflected. They are fruits of artistic skill and are striven for, but more essentially they are products of lives. They cannot be created by taking thought; thought will embellish them; they lie deep in personality; the life of a poet must be a poem—it can be nothing else. Dickens and Hawthorne had lived the lives of Dora and Clifford Pyncheon over and over again and knew all about them. And whenever these and other artists failed, their failures came from a lack of experiencing what they were putting down; their lives were at that moment unpoetic.

Yet while form-giving is a condition of art, a particular form is not a thing innate; it is a discovery—at times, indeed, so happy a discovery that it seems as if certain ideas took inevitably certain forms. An architect plans a building, and he is so felicitous in his choice of form that his successors imitate him; they improve upon him; eventually they evolve something which they call perfect—a Greek temple. This perfection, however, is but relative; other temple builders appear among a different people in later times, and if they should try to express themselves in Greek temples, their art would become limited, alien and ineffectual. A form therefore is artificial; it is subject to a restless change. Character is akin to form with this difference—a form really has to be striven for; character is conditioned more absolutely upon something higher up—it is a by-product. And that is why talks on character are so painful, and character building itself so vexatious and dreary.

"Full of principle," said Huckleberry Finn of Tom Sawyer. Huck had no principles, no fountain of reason, no method of drawing conclusions; he simply possessed a more abundant life than Tom. And the words "abundant life" remind one that this is perhaps the finest claim of religion, and it seems to be akin to the old assertion of Israel, that to righteousness belongs happiness. And, curiously enough again, it is from moral and religious people that we are most afflicted by sermons

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on character, mouthings upon this by-product. Why should this be so?

Perhaps the readiest answer to the question is that, as human beings, we are rather fond of sermons and character building; they come natural and easy and follow the line of least resistance. It is easier to talk and to dream than it is to think, especially if our talk is directed toward making other people toe a mark, and our dreams toward what we call ideals. It is easier to write about a perfect knight than it is to create an actual wife of Bath, less profound to assume a Miltonic God than it is to fashion a Miltonic devil. Thus we fold our hands in sleep.

And yet this is not the whole story. Although we are fond of sleep, in our hearts we like wakeful moments better; we like best two things, joy and life, unless, indeed, these be one and the same thing, life abundant, happiness. But these are so difficult to attain, so impossible, as it were, to most of us, that we pitch upon an easy thing like character and try to attain that in a difficult way so that it will not appear easy. When the horse in the Book of Job was swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage and saying among the trumpets Ha! ha! he was very human and was doing difficult things. When the Puritans founded a theocratic state, they were doing something which was rather simple and easy, but they saw to it, most humanly, that it appeared difficult. And in thus soothing themselves, they gained a spectral joy. What they never attained was life.

But the case against the Puritans is too popular and worn; it can be overurged; in the pursuit of it one would be horrified to find oneself breaking a lance with Don Quixote and the angels. Sermons, that Puritan stronghold, as I have said, may be delightful; not, however, when they teach morals and character; then they are just sermons. Character building cannot be more important, even to a football captain, than getting a lesson, for getting a lesson is conceivably of positive value whereas morals and character can shift for themselves; provided, of course,—but here I shall let the discussion rest.

Ulysses slept in Circe's palace, but he suffered no enchantment; he enchanted Circe.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

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MAURICE DONNAY AND HIS PASSING SHOW

BY VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

DONNAY, like most of the French dramatists, is more concerned with ideas than things. He is first of all French, and we never forget it for a moment. His dramatic pattern is after the model which has the seal of approval of the Academie Française; that is to say, he spends much time in building up a pyramid of people upon his printed page and then most carefully takes it apart. The scenes are short and many; the first in each act shows us one person, *seul*, at most two: for three or four scenes the persons of the play come into view by ones, twos or threes, until by the fourth scene we have quite an assemblage which melts away in the same order, leaving at the finale two persons present, for it is in the duo that Donnay finds his most dramatic climaxes. Despite the fact that he is an absolute master of design, we are sometimes startled by a sudden freedom of form, as if he had shaken off all shackles, but it is in every case an intentional part of his scheme, and it is through this freedom that he gives such vitality, such dynamic force to his dialogues. There are times when he carries this looseness of bonds into his structural technique, as for example in *L'Autre Danger*, where the dialogue is so exquisitely planned and executed that the wisdom of his idea is proved by the completed whole.

A profound study of the subject shows us that the keynote of his literary and dramatic success is his ability to make his characters not just matter, but matter fused with spirit; to give us in the place of puppets living men and women in a setting of such faultless technical construction that we are unconscious of its existence, but rather feel that we look upon life itself. It is the soul of his people that he shows us: all of his tense and finely drawn situations are states of mind: sin is never an active factor, but like goodness, a state of mind or soul, from which we do not

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turn away in disgust, but look, pity and pass on. Sometimes we are amused, but Donnay is never the preacher or the teacher: it is not necessary to search out the moral and hold up the sinner for arraignment. It is the passing show, and we are the spectators. In these dramas there is a freedom of conversation, a range of subjects discussed, wider even than in the general run of French writers, though Lavedan and Lemaitre imbue us with a feeling that they have left untouched but few things in heaven or on earth, and at no time do we find a tendency to conservatism among French writers. Donnay's chief point of difference from his confrères is that he is more entertaining, less lugubrious, and his delicacy in handling a difficult situation is unsurpassed. He has a very special gift for the right word in the right place. Impossible subjects under his skillful management assume a rich decking that forces us to admire where we would prefer a self-righteous indignation, and when he has an opinion to set forth or a doctrine to plead, his manner is so delightful and withal so subtle that we frequently do not realize that he is pleading a cause.

For Donnay nothing is difficult if it is a phase of life, and he tilts at all rings: it is really life itself which charms him, even as his manner of exposing it thrills his audience. No effort is apparent in anything he does; he simply lets life—French life, be it understood—unfold itself upon the pages of his books; his dramas are reflections upon the mirror that he holds up to catch the passing show, and good or bad may fall impartially upon it. Frequently he shows us what in ruder hands would be a coarse situation; but, as he argues so ably, how can one portray life and show only the pretty side? There is a finesse and adaptability about Donnay which is quite captivating; there is a gentle cynicism, and there is something more, a far greater thing, a brotherly understanding of his own people and sympathy with their poignant faults, even when he is most ironical concerning them.

That is perhaps the explanation of his success in France, where he is the idol of his countrymen: a play goes on; the authorship is announced; the theatre is packed: vive Donnay!

His theme is always love; more often than not, illicit love. In certain of his dramas, notably *Amants* and *L'Autre Danger*, there

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is a vibrant passion unequalled by any of his contemporaries, and, greatest of all, we feel that it is real. *Lysistrata*, the first of his plays acted in Paris, is an adaption from Aristophanes: the scene Athens, in the time of the Peloponessian wars—that is, about 420 B. C.: for the rest, the spirit is French, modern French, and Donnay has taken many liberties with the unessential details to fulfill this design, for it is quite evidently intentional. It is not without warning that we approach the enactment of this drama, for there is a prologue which frankly announces that the modest may be shocked, and those fearful of events to follow may leave, as neither the author nor the players will be offended. After a pause the speaker continues with a studied artlessness:

> Je vois que personne ne sort,
> Je vais dire que l'on commence.

and from that time, it is upon our own heads if we are not pleased. The prologue is even more alluring than the play: one specially delightful bit is the announcement that the women of Athens are merely the ancestors of the Parisiennes of to-day, after which Donnay proceeds to prove the contrary in the play. It is not too much to say that the success of *Lysistrata* in Paris was in a great measure due to Madame Réjane, that darling of the French public, who as the delicious Graeco-Parisienne in the title rôle is still remembered, and one hears as often of Réjane's Lysistrata as of Donnay's. Nevertheless, it is to the originator that fame belongs, and the daring idea of this play, its setting Greek, and its characters of the fifth century before Christ, with a totally French coloring, is not Réjane's, not even Aristophanes's, but Donnay's. Neither *Lysistrata* nor *Education du Prince*, which quickly followed it, fixed Donnay's place in contemporary literature, but it was through the second series of his plays that he walked into the heart of that mobile and often child-like Paris public which applauds what it loves and hisses what displeases it. Ludwig Lewisohn says that he is tempted to call *Amants* the modern *Romeo and Juliet*, and we have the same temptation, for it is a repetition of Shakespeare's theme, pitched in a different key and couched in terms of an utter and well-sustained modernity.

It was first given at the Renaissance Theatre, November 6,

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1885, and from that time, Paris set upon Donnay her seal of approval. The play is full of illicit love, and intrigue which is usually maintained by falsehood and a general sordidness, judged by our own standards, but so delicately has Donnay handled it, so carefully has he chosen his every word, and so evident is the spirit of the true artist who has welded the whole into a stirring drama, that we are thrilled even by the printed page, and it is easy to see why the enthusiastic Parisian heart flung open its doors to him, for, after all, Paris is still pagan in its worship of beauty and love.

Amants was soon followed by *La Douleureuse*, and the success of this little play was perhaps somewhat to be wondered at, for its keynote is sadness; even in the midst of joy and revelry there is a haunting suggestion of death, so hateful to the dwellers in that city of light and gaiety, and the vision of the Sad Woman, faintly pictured, exquisitely alluring symbol of death, is never far away.

It is rarely that Donnay indulges in symbolism, never in mysticism, so this play stands alone in its conception. It recalls to us ever so faintly *When We Dead Awaken*, that last phantasy of the great Norse forerunner of contemporary drama, when after long years in thrall to art he turned to life with an intense yearning, only to find death beckoning him, and paradoxically chose death as the symbol of life, become more enticing as it receded. There are however two salient points of difference between these two great artists, for Ibsen is here the mystic, hovering on the edge of the great adventure, longing for the knowledge of that which lies beyond, even while he dreads to start out upon its paths, whereas Donnay is still at that period of life when hot blood leaps to new sensations; and he is never the mystic. *Georgette Lemeunier* offers the author an opportunity to exploit the ideas on divorce that have occupied him for many months, and we see him here at his very best in both dramatic construction and sustained interest: not Ibsen himself could have painted more perfectly the portrait of Georgette, the virtuous wife, brilliant, charming and determined to save not only the ménage, so dear to every French man and woman, but what seems to her (and to us as we look on) of much deeper significance—her husband's love and allegiance.

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The whole play is steadily naturalistic, an unusual thing in French drama, where we expect realism rather than naturalism.

Le Torrent is one of the most skillfully built and subtly intelligent of Donnay's social dramas, with a very Ibsenesque ending, for we are forcibly reminded of Rebecca West, despite the great personal difference, when the gentle Valentine, who has failed through her profound love for Versannes to preserve her wifely fidelity, seeks oblivion in the mill race, because she cannot bear to leave her children, and the injured husband refuses her the right to take them, or to live with them even as a servant. It is the inevitable blind alley, with the secret of a return destroyed forever, and only death as the alternative to stagnation. In the last scene there is a brief and scathing denouncement of the church doctrine which condemns physical suicide but connives at the killing of souls through the recognized medium of the conventions. There is also a bitter protest against the power of a priest with a limited imagination, whose councils must be blindly followed to insure divine forgiveness. In this fearless summing up, this railing against conventions, we see the shadow of Shaw, but at the same moment we are conscious of a straining toward an uncomprehended psychology that is far removed from Shaw and has something of August Strindberg beneath it.

One of the few plays by Donnay that has been translated into English for the public is *L'Autre Danger*, which again shows us the complicated relations arising from intrigue and deception in the life of a married woman, whose daughter on the very threshold of life falls madly in love with her mother's lover. At her first ball she overhears a whisper of the scandal, and it is a breath upon the clear mirror of her virgin youth, but she is all too easily persuaded that it is a mistake, and accepts the offered explanations with that whole-hearted reaching out for happiness which is part of her youth. The climax of the play is reached when the mother steps forever from the way of love with a supreme sacrifice possible only to motherhood, and points the way for her old lover to new love and happiness.

In *Paraître*, Donnay with brilliant sarcasm holds up for our inspection the desire of people (that is, the French people, since it is Donnay who shows his wares) to appear something more than they

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actually are. All the world is sacrificing to the Moloch of appearances, social, financial, political. There is a particularly trenchant and amusing arraignment of the male sex by the cynic of the play who describes the men of society as "laborious insects in sad livery" and draws a fine comparison between human and animal life, with, of course, great disparagement of the human race. In the lower orders of life it is the male who is adorned with bright colors and gay plumage, while his harem or mate, according to his state, which may be monogamous or polygamous, is completely awed by the grandeur of his beauty. Alas! it is only in the highest form of creation, where it is the male's privilege to pay for pearl collars and robes of fine silk, that the female may be tricked out "for to behold and to admire": the fact that she pays for these trifles with her body or soul does not enter into the argument; *il faut vivre!* Only a fearless spirit could have produced *Le Ménage de Molière;* it is a tangled mixture of truth and fiction, and, as usual, truth is the stranger of the component parts. There are copious notes at the end that help us somewhat to unravel the snarl and pick out reality from fiction. It is a poetic drama in the style of Molière, for Donnay's daring stops at nothing, and in a preface which would do credit to that inimitable maker of prefaces, Mr. Shaw, he has dedicated the play to Molière, whom he pictures as looking down from his place in heaven with a degree of complacency highly commendable under the circumstances. Racine is among the *dramatis personae,* and his entrance lends a decided touch of piquancy to the story.

Our first impression of *Le Mariage de Télémaque* is that it is exceedingly French, our next that it is delightful, possibly because it is French, in spite of the undeniable fact that the heroine is Helen of Troy, Menelaus and Ulysses are among the actors, are indeed protagonists, and even Minerva is introduced quite properly and at a telling moment for the climacteric effect. Donnay, with a boldness that partakes of rashness, has written the play partly in prose and partly in verse: all the songs, which have spontaneity and decided charm, are rhymed, and rhymed well with due regard to form. Télémaque sometimes begins his speech in prose and passes without apology into the poetic. Here is a stepping aside from realism, Donnay's salient trait, the very hall-mark of his

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style, but he is, as usual, entirely sure of himself, and it is this amazing self-confidence that enables him to make or break rules without offending the arbiters of form.

Les Éclaireuses is perhaps a slightly exaggerated exposition of the most advanced feminism found in Paris; these suffragists do not throw stones or demolish buildings; indeed, they are quite startled from their accustomed calm by Mrs. Schmidt of London who regales then with a lurid account of her martyrdom in an English jail for the crime of window smashing. These women scouts (we like the name) looking for the root of evil, do not tear down shops, but prefer to uproot homes, for it is in the home that they encounter masculine dominance. It seems such a fair system that our sympathy is with them at once, even to the extent of demanding divorce from the detested husband, rather than rid themselves of their superfluous energy and spleen by smashing the windows of tradespeople against whom they have no cause for vengeance.

Hervieu, in *La Bagatelle* and *Les Tenailles*, has dealt with the problem of divorce, but in each of these social dramas there is the personal equation, an individual case, and no effort to treat it as a condition affecting the whole world of women. In one instance it is a state of simple boredom and dislike, in the other there is the eternal triangle without the courage to defy society and the law by going off with the preferred lover. In each case they are confronted with the French law requiring the consent of both parties for divorce and the refusal of the husband, through his desire for the maintenance of the ménage, that fetich to which so many burnt offerings are daily made. Hervieu, like Donnay, is concerned with ideas, but unlike Donnay, he is vastly impressed with the responsibility of reforming his countrymen and intent upon exposing a system, whereas Donnay has no scheme of political or social mismanagement to unfold. Indeed, he is concerned not at all with plot; life itself is sufficiently interesting. *Les Éclaireuses* shows us Jeanne fretting under the restraint of the bombastic masculine, who sees but one way for a harmonious matrimonial progress and that way his own. Not for a moment does he entertain the thought of compromise nor visualize the many shades of gray, visible to any woman, between the black and white lines

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with which he draws his plan of life. Whatever is not good, is bad, and it is through his egotism that he acquiesces in Jeanne's demand for a divorce when she offers to keep their little daughter and give him the son, for here he sees an opportunity to mould this son into his own counterpart. Jeanne brings the situation to a climax by voluntarily promising not to marry again—the last subtle inducement to his egotistic pride. For her the feminist movement is the engrossing thought; she is done with love and its attendant suffering, and her absorption in founding *l'école feministe* almost persuades us to believe it true, Parisienne though she is. But one day, as in the fairy stories of our youth, the prince comes upon the scene, this time in the person of Jaques Lehelloy, and, as a rapidly dawning love envelops them, we see, beneath the quarrels and disagreements arising from the inhibitions of her divorce, that this bold little feministe is not able to battle with a social condition that permits men to make undesired love to her, and at the last a great longing for the protection of a mere man drives her into the arms of Lehelloy, anxious for a new marriage and a renewed domesticity.

Donnay's one-act plays fall quite naturally into a class by themselves, and while they are amusing and clever, they do not show that touch of wizardry which marks his longer dramas. *Eux* is an absurd playlet, but *La Folle Entreprise* is decidely on a higher plane, with its play within a play which recalls our *Hamlet* to us; and even in the two war pieces, written to amuse the soldiers, there is present the literary and dramatic showman, whose wares are always French. For Donnay is the showman, never the moralist, like Hervieu, nor the reformer, like Brieux. At times he is as realistic as Porto-Riche and again, as in *Le Mariage de Télémaque* or *Le Ménage de Molière*, as romantic as Rostand. Except for that fleeting moment in *La Douleureuse*, there is none of the symbolism that makes us remember always that Maeterlinck is not French but Belgian. Donnay is quite content to hold up the mirror to the passing show. He offers us a first-hand view of French life, and asks, with perfect frankness, what more could anyone desire?

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THE SOUL OF SWINBURNE

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

THE once popular conception of Swinburne as a poetic innovator has disappeared, and we regard him rather as the latest representative of the great race of poets descended from Chaucer. Without wishing to cast a stone at the bards of contemporary England, it may be asserted that their abandonment of the grand tradition marks a definite break in the evolution of their art. That not the quality of individual genius but the late hour of civilization in which these singers have appeared on earth, is at fault, we do not dispute; but our wonder is increased tenfold at the man who, coming late among a jaded audience, yet charmed it with sweet sounds that recall its youth.

As the centuries lengthen the anthology will play an increasingly important part: an eloquent modern voice reminds us that not the hosts of Xerxes but the handful of Marathon march on to immortality. And as the ancient moralist forbade any man to be called happy till he were dead, so we may deny a poet assured fame till his language has ceased to be a living force. For poetry (like all things) is in a condition of advance towards its goal of perfect speech; the poetry of one generation may become the prose of the next, and the fame of the individual perish as in some Tarpeian tragedy, or by self-immolation through the general advance in beauty of a language of which he was at first the pioneer. We must therefore grant that only a small portion of a poet's output is known as poetry to the fourth generation, though its vital force may preserve from decay a huge uninspired main body.

Poetry, we may say in metaphor, is the speech of angels, based upon the emotion of love which rules their spiritual world; unlike the logic-bound speech of man. The poet, wandering far from his fellows, ascends the mountain, and, if his strength fail not, draws near the summit. The exhilarating quality of the air in-

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toxicates him; the law of gravitation ceases to act; he rises as on wings towards the gates of heaven and overhears some strains of the celestial music. These, in his great joy, he translates into earthly symbols and gives to the lower world, and is henceforth honored as one inspired. But as time passes on, his exquisite phrases grow familiar to man, are vulgarized by repetition, and at last are even refused the title of poetry in a language which they have helped to enrich. For the snatches of divine song thus overheard are transcribed by the poet in an alien tongue. Even as he meditates over his experience it fades like the beauty of a dream. There is thus no equality among those admitted to the beatific vision; all depends on the fineness of the instrument with which he reaches from earth to heaven: his individual heart and brain.

The leading characteristic of Swinburne's nature was its healthiness: though this may seem a strange statement in view of the stories of dissipations connected with his name. But we learn from the pages of Mr. Gosse that his fevered London life was based upon an inherited fund of healthiness, as proved by the magical recoveries which he made on his return to the country. His birth in 1837 coincided with the formal outbreak of the Victorian age. It was a time when the professional and business classes were refusing pleasure and knowledge for the sake of money: a form of asceticism compared by Ruskin to the two others which have possessed the world—the religious and the military. Its most sinister commandment against rightful enjoyment for children was to lead in the third generation to wide-spread moral and nervous disaster, and the projection of those who escaped madness or early death into careers of heartless ambition or grovelling sensuality: thus vindicating the Æschylean doctrine that sin entails suffering upon the innocent. Swinburne's ancestors were those who had devoted themselves to the public services and given their best for the sake of honor rather than profit, so that, thanks to his family's high social position, in a world still safe from democracy, his childhood was of the happiest. While the children of the classes mentioned above were being initiated from the cradle into the cares of life and the prices of things, his days were spent in cloudless serenity. With no foreboding of a grimmer world

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beyond, he absorbed into his nature with unconscious thoroughness the beauty of the scenes in which his lot was cast. The soft beauties of the Isle of Wight, varied by the sterner lines of Northumbrian scenery, were the background to his domestic peace. He moved in a circle of which his gracious parents were the centre, among beloved sisters and cousins with whom he rode and walked and climbed and recited poetry. It was the self-confidence sprung of happiness that protected him from bullying at school, where he played no games and was eccentric in appearance and habits.

With Swinburne, contact with the world produced the keenest irritation: as witness the misadventures of his London life, his untoward relations with associated men, his troubles with publishers, his club experience, even his solitary proposal of marriage. It is therefore inevitable that for the modern reader nine-tenths of his work has ceased to hold charm, and the remainder does so by virtue of that wonderful experience and heritage of joy. If we examine the work of a contemporary we shall find something similar. There are critics who exalt Morris's *Defense of Guenevere* above all his other work; others with more justice his *Poems by the Way*. To the first we would remark how little of the author's inner self is expressed; to the second that the social reformer is present with the poet. There are still others who prefer the latter half of the *Earthly Paradise*, especially the *Lovers of Gudrun*, or the mighty achievement of *Sigurd*. The exception we take to these is that they are not wholly informed by a living spirit. We would rather point to the unique beauty of the Greek stories of the first half of the *Earthly Paradise*. There will be found Morris's soul most fully disengaged from worldly cares and revelling in its native beauty: though we admit that the lack of a finished severity of form denies the claim of these stories, in an advanced age of literature, to the very highest poetry.

So long as man inhabits the earth he consists of soul and body and must therefore deliver his message in earthly writing; and thus the greatest works of imagination carry with them the seeds of their own mortality. It is the critic's duty to insist jealously upon the exclusion of sense from the guiding intellect. The highest of all Teachers bade us take no thought for the morrow, and warned

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us against the materializing effect of "care"; and Swinburne has himself affirmed that anger is a sensual passion. Let us listen to a song of Morris's where the lover cannot enjoy the beautiful scenes through which he is wending with his mistress for thought of the great city just visible from the hill-top:

> Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling;
> Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim,
> That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling
> My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim—

We see how care and anxiety and social doubts intrude upon the amount of pure intellect needed to frame the divine message so that its moral value will outlive its aesthetic. His garden of song is surrounded by a stone wall instead of insensibly becoming one with the near fields and blue distances. It is not for the intellect to be attenuated into invisibility but rather attracted into the nature of the spirit it protects: as the gates of iron and adamant pictured by Milton were eternally impaled by circling fire yet unconsumed.

Thus we say a poet reveals his individual self and becomes known to his place and age by the quality of his spiritualized intellect. His soul in its original essence may be one with that of the universe, but its union with the body constitutes his life on earth, and we conceive of earthly life as a stage in spiritual progress towards perfection. With Swinburne it was contact with literature superimposed upon his inherited and acquired experience of happiness that directed his pen in moments of inspiration. As he is the healthiest he is the least personal and most objective of poets, the freest from morbid self-questionings, and with no autobiographical basis to speak of in his best work. *The Triumph of Time* is a moving poem, and there is a special charm in his poems on children, but we do not rate these as his best; while his inferior work and his critical writings display that intense irritation from collision with the world of which we have spoken. It is the mystic agreement between the finished product of another mind and the vision of beauty lying in the depths of his nature—like the mysterious Lake of Gaube which he delights to describe—which release his Delphic words and the waves of heavenly music on which they are borne to the listener's ear.

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That Swinburne is at his best in his joyful reception and rendering of natural beauty, we maintain; and we proceed to dwell upon the special quality which he has contributed to the work of his predecessors. When Chaucer writes,

> Bifel that in that seson on a day
> In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay—

When Shakespeare sings through Ariel,

> Come unto these yellow sands
> And then take hands—

When Wordsworth writes of the cuckoo,

> Though babbling only to the vale
> Of sunshine and of flowers—

we feel that in every case the poet's great joy has transfigured into the ideal a simple statement of fact, and made audible the music of the spheres. There is something similar in the following lines of Swinburne:

> O gracious city well-beloved,
> Italian, and a maiden crowned,
> Siena, my feet are no more moved
> Toward thy strange-shapen mountain-bound.

But if we turn to Shakespeare's song of Mariana,

> Take, O, take those lips away
> That so sweetly were forsworn—

or of the bereaved Ophelia,

> White his shroud as the mountain snow
> Larded with sweet flowers—

a new note is heard from the pressure of grief upon the complex modern soul.

The complexity of the modern soul: these words are the key to the peculiar emotion rendered by Swinburne. For the modern poet does not give large circular glances at the world around but peers deeply into the inherited world within, and, like a geologist boring through the strata, discovers older civilizations and prehistoric remains. It is his duty to make articulate the human emotion which has not perished with the fleshly envelope of those who once peopled the shadowy regions, and which we may yet discover

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in the eyes of some haunted modern man. The cries that reach us from these submerged lands may be faint compared to our loud tones, but they are strange and beautiful, and there is a peculiar charm in the mingling of old and new as the port sounds the various stops. He may rise from the depth to the surface at one stroke, as when he interjects the words, "O sweet strange elder singer," amid the wild unearthly music of *Ave Atque Vale;* or, as in *Atalanta*, his voice may take a tone from each of the strata through which it passes, and yet emerge a human voice, akin to the voices of to-day. Other writers—the Brontës, Pater, Thomas Hardy—have drawn upon this inheritance, but Swinburne differs in that the breeze which rises from the well-shaft of the soul is laden with joy rather than sorrow.

We will once more recur to the father of English poetry and the device of contrasted passages. Here are the words Chaucer puts into the mouth of the dying Arcite:

> Allas the wo! allas the peynës stronge
> That I for yow have suffred, and so long!
> Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
> Allas, departing of our compaignye!—
> What is this world? what asketh men to have?
> Now with his love, now in his coldë grave
> Allone, without any compaignye—

It is the universal cry of bereaved humanity: the love of life, the fear of death and the darkness and silence of the grave, the home-sickness for joys snatched away. For reality and poignancy we cannot compare the following lines from Swinburne's *Garden of Proserpine*, like murmurs from the hollow land:

> She waits for each and other,
> She waits for all men born,
> Forgets the earth her mother,
> The life of fruits and corn.

Yet with Chaucer it is the cry of a soul bounded by walls of flesh; with Swinburne it has the remoteness of past existences and unmeasured time.

Thus it is the undertone of Swinburne's works that concerns us, not their superficial aspect or direct intention. Surely no one's faith has ever been shaken by *Ilicet* or the *Hymn to Proserpine*,

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like Tennyson's by the famous passage of Lucretius; no one incited to vice by *Dolores*. There is regret, but of no poignant kind, in *Hesperia*, which certainly contains one of the most beautiful cadences in English poetry:

> For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the water.

The true motive of the poem on the death of Baudelaire is praise for work well done, not grief for an earthly presence that has disappeared.

Perhaps the latter, and the Prelude to *Songs Before Sunrise*, tell us the deepest secret of Swinburne's soul. We will for the moment prefer the *Ave Atque Vale* and repeat its crowning stanza:

> Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
> Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
> Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
> Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
> Such as thy vision here solicited,
> Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
> The deep division of prodigious breasts,
> The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
> The weight of awful tresses that still keep
> The savour and shade of old-world pine forests
> Where the wet hill-winds weep?

With the exception of "dreams and desires" there is no single conventional thought, no single idea that has not been fetched from the world of echoes. It is the perfect speech of one who, like Pater's Mona Lisa, knows the secrets of the grave. It is the flower of his life and culture, the spark kindled by the intellect falling upon the soul, and thence lighting up the long downward passages into the half-ghostly land. And yet the very fineness of Swinburne's gift prevents the acceptance of the great bulk of his work, and no poet would be a greater gainer from selection. After constant rereading we recur to the opinion which recent criticism has endeavored to disturb, that his later poems were but an echo of his exquisite early work. Surely a volume headed by *Atalanta*, with selections from *Songs of the Springtides* and *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and about a score of short poems, not omitting those mentioned in the foregoing pages, might descend the stream of time with the *Lamia* volume of Keats.

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If the result with Swinburne of contact with the world was to create an irritation in the agony of which he forgot his early happiness and produced inferior poetry, this is still more marked with his prose. Having once admitted the immense value of his critical writings, let us say that as soon as his message is accepted by the world and his teachings by repetition become commonplaces, they will inevitably disappear, for the sound reason that they give pain rather than pleasure to the reader. He is among those writers who deny equality with their readers, who lack sympathy with ordinary uninspired humanity, who assume the office of master but not master and friend. It may be spiritual pride that erects the barrier, or superior knowledge or culture, but in all cases there is something of the pedagogue.

Swinburne throughout his prose work handles the weapon of superior knowledge with imperfect temper and sympathy. He was, as Ruskin said, a mighty scholar, and the perfect health and balance of his nature are almost as present in his literary judgments as in his early poetry. He encircles the whole world of ancient and modern literature in his clasp—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, English. He compares Byron and Juvenal, Webster and Sophocles, Æschylus and Shakespeare, with sure instinct and freedom from prejudice. With an almost sublime confidence in his ear to detect distinct strains of music, he points to the scenes or even separate passages or lines by Shakespeare in a play of joint authorship. The keen edge of his critical instrument is never turned by use; his unsleeping power of concentration enables him to detect the one golden grain in the sandy waste of dullness. He has not cast the essay in a form of beauty like Arnold and Pater, but he has gone that one step further than the greatest which compels them to acknowledge him the master. He rigidly enforces the law to which all others do lip-homage: that the artist is a specialist and must be judged by his work only. He is therefore not deterred in his advance to the heart of the city by the signposts pointing to the moral and political and domestic quarters. No extra-literary considerations deflect his needle by even a tremor from its steadfast adherence to the æsthetic north. He tells us what we knew but could not express: that Shelley is to Coleridge as a lark to a nightingale; that Wordsworth's genius at its highest

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is sublimity in tenderness; that loveliness is the prime quality of Keats; that in rendering nature Shelley utters a "rhapsody of thought and feeling colored by contact with nature but not born of the contact"; that the gist of Byron's philosophy is that excess brings reaction; that only Marlowe among poets started with a style of his own; that Shakespeare is a darker fatalist than Æschylus—and also that he cared more for literary fame than his critics suppose.

But we must repeat that we read his essays for their matter entirely, and the author is never our friend: though always with the reminder that the cause is the action of the world on a nature incomparably fine. He overpowers us with his superior knowledge and frightens us with the impatience and irascibility of the pedagogue. When Professor Bradley in his book on Shakespeare quotes Swinburne, we feel a relief that it is Bradley, not Swinburne with whom we are walking. The law that taste is no matter for dispute is suspended in his favor; we suppress in our minds any admiration for Euripides or Musset or the *Idylls of the King*, much as a schoolboy hides a detective story under a grammar or dictionary; we recall our readings of *The Duchess of Malfi* and doubt whether we admired heartily enough to escape the modern *Dunciad*. At moments, indeeed, through the parted clouds of anger we see the blue skies of poetry—as when he compares *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* to lake water and sea water, or the effect of Chapman's translation of Homer to the pace of a giant for echo of the footfall of a God; and a bright-bannered host marches down his processional road through the land of Shakespeare. But for the most part he is in a state of warfare against real or imaginary fools. Dr. Johnson, writing of Milbourne's attack on Dryden's *Virgil*, would have revised his opinion that bad poetry alone cannot excite strong resentment, had he known how completely Swinburne lived in and for literature.

And here, after having given almost involuntarily the highest tribute to the man of letters, we ask the final question, how far was this life complete? It is the more pertinent with Swinburne because he professed the belief that earthly life suffices for man. He extolled Frederick the Great because he fought "sober" and was not "God-intoxicated" like the Puritans, and affirmed that

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heroism was spoilt for him by trust in Providence. That he was spiritually-minded we know from his fervid hero-worship and reiterated confession that his acquaintance with Landor and Mazzini, even his correspondence with Hugo, had been the greatest privileges of his life. Of the first event he wrote, "I am not sure that any other emotion is so endurable and persistently delicious as that of worship, when your god is indubitable and incarnate before your eyes." With this we may compare the following: "I don't myself know any pleasure physical or spiritual (except what comes of the sea) comparable to that which comes of verse in its higher moods."

It is a fascinating theory, in an agnostic age, that human life and the full development of the faculties suffice man's highest needs, and that death may thus lose its sting. Here at least is no promise of a remote inheritance that may founder with all our hopes, but something that we possess this day. Yet we recall Newman's picture of the heathen writers yearning in vain for some unknown good and higher truth, and the words of Lucretius which he quotes: "We should be happy were it not for that dreadful sense of Religion which we all have, which poisons all our pleasures. . . ." Also we have in our minds Carlyle's unforgettable pictures of the great actors of the eighteenth century who have passed the peak of years and are treading the slope towards the tomb, and the deathbeds of kings or statesmen or voluptuaries who believed in the reality of power or pleasure. Though comparisons are not always fair, as we turn the pages of a man's life we unconsciously try it by an ideal, and the ideal life (shall we say?) is St. Paul's, to whom, as years passed on, the unseen world became more vivid and the material world more faint.

In Shakespeare's day the balance between inner and outer was equally maintained; on Milton and the Puritan reaction we need not dwell. The eighteenth century saw the dawn of the belief in the reality of human life, which, in the nineteenth, was to culminate in the pursuit of material efficiency and the real policy of commerce. How the poets were affected by the prevailing spirit we see from the ages of Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, when the muse had left her solitudes to frequent the tavern or coffee house. But even before the French Revolution the reaction had

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set in, and the tragedies of Burns and Byron illustrate the revolt from the social world of those who were dependent on its sympathies and enslaved by its memories.

Perhaps Swinburne above all poets—above even Tennyson—was true to himself. If human life alone can satisfy the soul, he enjoyed to the full three of its most splendid gifts: hero-worship, friends, fame; and if a poet values fame for the sake of love and admiration rather than power, his measure was indeed filled to overflowing. It was his custom to recite his unpublished poems to friends, and we can imagine few greater transports of the soul than to intone as new things to a sympathetic audience the long lines of *Hesperia* or the *Hymn to Proserpine*. What the rude external world did was to break the silver cord of poetic inspiration and darken with anger his critical writings; yet he held an unbroken course. In the beautiful conclusion of Mr. Gosse's biography we see him become the shadow of his former self, brooding over dead friends and the "wonderful days of his youth". Recalling what we said of comparative lives, and preferring to conceive of the world as a place of hope, it saddens us to hear that in his latest years he wrote verses "to escape from boredom". But he was strong-nerved as well as fine-nerved, and was never persuaded to recant or decline from his position that this life is all, or profess the star-lit faiths of some agnostics weakened by bereavement or old age. His gifts were lyric genius and health of race and person, and the tinge of the second is in his immortal work: it is in the brightness of the ray of this world's sunshine which he darted into the pale kingdoms inherited by the soul.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

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JOHNSON AND WORDSWORTH IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY E. S. ROSCOE

RECENTLY reading one of Sainte-Beuve's *Literary Portraits* in which he couples two French poets, distant in time, Regnier and Chenier, because, being admirable types of two schools of poetry, a comparison of their personality and work enables the reader to understand each better, it struck me that a comparison of the point of view of Johnson and Wordsworth in the Highlands —in the same places, in relation to the same natural objects— would be suggestive and entertaining. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides occurred in 1773, Wordsworth went to Scotland thirty years later, in 1803. Each was the representative therefore of a distinct literary epoch, and also of a different intellectual type.

The state of the Highlands in each of these years was similar, for the time which intervened between the day that Johnson departed from London to meet Boswell in Edinburgh, and that when Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy and Coleridge left Keswick, had produced little change in the general condition of the Highlands. At each date few inns were to be found and no hotels, as we to-day understand the word; public accommodation was intolerably bad, and a traveller was often obliged to be satisfied with a night's lodging in a miserable hovel. Such was the ferryman's hut on the edge of Loch Katrine. Wordsworth and Coleridge had to sleep in an adjacent barn on dry hay, but Dorothy Wordsworth made the best of a bed of chaff in the cottage. The party drank coffee and ate barley bread and butter while the smoke came in gusts and spread along the walls above their heads into the chimney where the hens were roosting. At Glen Elg Johnson and Boswell were shown "into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse black greasy fir table and forms of the same kind." The two travellers

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had to send for hay, on which Dr. Johnson reposed, enveloped in his overcoat.

Johnson, in chronic ill health, resolutely setting forth to visit the Western Islands, to travel thither over mountain passes and on bad roads through stony glens, to navigate in a small craft a stormy and treacherous sea, will always hold our admiration for uncommon and courageous energy. For courage was indeed required in anyone who, in the eighteenth century, would visit the Western Islands. When one reads Boswell's story of the return from Skye to the Island of Mull, and how the little coaster ran for shelter to the Island of Col in the darkening night in a fierce storm of wind and rain, and how Johnson lay below apparently cheerful and undisturbed, one can better appreciate his pluck.

Wordsworth, under the existing conditions of Highland travel, had many advantages over Johnson, who was sixty-four, with a sedentary, valetudinarian life behind him, and whose ordinary exercise had been a walk down Fleet Street or a stroll with Mrs. Thrale in her garden at Streatham. For Wordsworth and his sister were still young, accustomed to ramble about the Westmoreland hillsides, to be much in the open air, and to live a frugal and simple life.

If the contrast between the dispositions and the habits of the tourists was remarkable, their appearance on their travels was equally noteworthy. Johnson, from necessity, was from time to time obliged to ride and was even more uncomfortable on horseback than Wordsworth was with the whip. His great body, enveloped in a large brown coat, swayed backwards and forwards as he brandished his large oak stick and laughed at the gillie who, as he led the horse, tried to amuse the rider by his shrill whistling. Wordsworth, an excellent walker, but a bad driver, drove an animal which had a partiality for backing up steep banks or sidling into the parapets of bridges, as the poet sat in an old one-horse car, dressed in a suit of russet brown, with a broad flapping straw hat to protect his weak eyes.

Johnson and Wordsworth not only differed markedly in character and in mental outlook, but went to the Highlands in quite opposite frames of mind. Johnson was primarily an in-

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telligent traveller, who was, says Boswell, to see as much of Scotland as he could during August and September. He was interested mainly in the country as it affected the inhabitants, for he thought that in the Hebrides he "might contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what he had been accustomed to see"—a strange social order in fact. This was the germ of the project. Johnson desired to observe the Scotch at home as elements of a particular part of society. "In a foreign country," wrote Gibbon, "curiosity is our business and our pleasure." Curiosity, in the widest sense, was certainly a pleasure to Johnson and Scotland he, like his contemporaries, regarded as a foreign country. Wordsworth, on the contrary, started for the North with no inquisitive eye, with no determination to acquire positive knowledge. He has told us himself his simple object in the lines in which he bade farewell to his home, and which, though not of the best, are autobiographically interesting. He went

> To cull contentment upon wildest shores
> And luxuries extract from bleakest moors.

The essayist and the poet were therefore typical of two different classes of men, whom we may call the intelligent and the reflective. They are irreconcilable, for even in our time they regard scenery from different points of view. Wordsworth neither desired nor needed either grand or beautiful scenery, for the suggestions of a scene however homely permeated his mentality. When his eye perceived a sea loch—Loch Long or Loch Fyne—winding among the mountains, his mind penetrated the hillside and the water lapping their rocky brink—

> And with the coming of the tide,
> Come boats and ships that safely ride
> Between the woods and lofty rocks;
> And to the shepherds with their flocks
> Bring tales of distant lands.

Thoughts like these never arose in Johnson's unimaginative brain; he regarded material objects as remarkable phenomena, and he looked at everything from this point of view. They did not arouse his emotion. The scenery of the Highlands was in

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fact repulsive to Johnson. On the way from Fort Augustus to the coast the party halted for an hour at noon on a fine day in a glen which Johnson grudgingly describes as "sufficiently verdant." It does not take much imagination to realize how delightful it must have been—the varying lights, the soft air, the stillness broken only by the ripple of the burn. But Johnson found no pleasure in the place. "Before me," he wrote in his journal, "were high hills which by hindering the eye from ranging forced the mind to find entertainment for itself." The remainder of this portion of the *Journal* is in the same vein—the best that can be said for the locality was that there were worse places to be found.

In Hardy's *Return of the Native* most of the action of the story occurs on or near a barren tract of land which he calls Egdon Heath; and which waste he endows with vitality. "The place"—night is approaching—"became full of watchful intentness. Now, when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen." Single passages of a continuous description cannot do justice to it but this description is referred to because we see in Hardy's pictures of Egdon Heath how far we have gone in appreciation of scenery since Johnson sat musing by the burn near Glenshiel. Johnson did not make the smallest effort to penetrate as did Wordsworth—sometimes perhaps too painfully—into the heart of a natural object, however small, a daffodil, or a daisy, and to grasp its relation to human life. Mountains, lakes and trees passed before his eyes and were forgotten, while the poet on the contrary retained scenes, and individuals identified with them, in his mind till, after long germinating, his thought bore fruit in the form of expressed reflections. For Wordsworth the tour from beginning to end was constantly touching emotional chords. No object was too insignificant to be remembered, and we see the result in many poems, as in *The Highland Girl* and in *Roy Roy's Grave.*

Johnson was also impelled to verse, but he wrote Horatian odes on Skye and on Mrs. Thrale. No personality could be more opposite to the wild western Highlands than the mistress of what Boswell called the "elegant villa" at Streatham with

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its comfortable culture. And the very fact that Johnson spent an evening in Skye composing a Latin ode to the lady whom in it he designates "Thralia dulcis" shows that his heart was not in the Highlands but in London. From beginning to end of the tour he never got or tried to get below the surface of things, and had no perception of the suggestions of nature. He could never have felt the pathos of the simple scene which Wordsworth has embodied in *The Highland Girl.*

One sees the difference of personal temperament vividly by following the travellers over one route, and noting the contrast in their reception of their surroundings. Johnson and Boswell on their return from the Western Islands landed at Oban, and rode to Inverary, thence round the head of Loch Fyne and over the lonely pass of Glencroe. This pass debouches on to Loch Long, and they followed its shores and went round its head to Arrochar and then across the neck of land which separates the sea loch from Loch Lomond at Tarbet. Next, skirting the lower part of this loch, they reached Dumbarton and its rock—anyone can take the same route to-day and have no difficulty whatever, so little is changed, in appreciating Johnson's ride. Wordsworth and his sister journeyed in an opposite direction but went no further west than Inverary, when they turned inland to Loch Awe. Johnson probably enjoyed himself most at Inverary. Why? Because he was made much of by the hospitable Duke of Argyll, by whom he was entertained at dinner at the Castle, where he enjoyed the sociability of the evening. One expression is characteristic. Speaking of the Castle, he said, "What I admire here is the total defiance of expense." Not a word about sunset or sunrise, about lights or shades on mountain sides. Presently he approached the charming scenery of Loch Lomond with its wooded islands clustered on its lower reaches; of these he says in his *Tour:* "Had Loch Lomond been in a happier climate it would have been the boast of wealth and vanity to own one of the little spots which it encloses, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embellishment." Need we be surprised after this that Johnson, as he quitted the house near Dumbarton of Commissary Smollett, remarked with obvious delight, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place

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where we have been"? This is the expression of the lettered, the urban, the sociable man who does not enjoy nature, to whom she is a sealed book and who is pleased to be again in the company of clever men.

Yet we need have no contempt for Johnson's incapacity to understand the æsthetic value of the Highlands, for in his age the appreciation of nature scarcely existed. "Gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, lakes concealed in blue mist and cold lonely heaths," is Gibbon's idea of Scotland. After all the Highlands are bleak and barren. One of the most inhospitable tracts is the Moor of Ramoch, which can yet in changes of light and shade arouse in some a strong emotion. But even to-day those who can appreciate the charm of the Highlands are a minority, for among the mountains and glens most people obtain their enjoyment from sport or physical exercise, while the interest of others is mainly excited by a difference in the landscape from that in which they habitually live. Few possess what Bagehot called the mystical sense which "finds a motion in the mountain and a power in the waves and a meaning in the long white line of the shore and a thought in the blue of heaven!" Johnson certainly did not, and we understand him better when we realize the negative as well as the positive side of his character.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, with trained and sympathetic eye, found in every yard of the same journey some new and suggestive picture. He and his sister approach the bleak summit of the Pass of Glencroe. "The sun had set before we had dismounted from the car to walk up the steep hill at the end of the glen. Clouds were heavy all over the sky. Some of a brilliant yellow hue shed a light like bright moonlight upon the mountains." At the summit is a stone seat with the inscription, "Rest and be thankful." Johnson, when he saw it, would most likely make some incisive remark to Boswell such as, "Sir, this is a foolish inscription; a traveller should not rest and be thankful till he reaches his journey's end." As it was, in his *Journal* he merely states the inscription and says of Glencroe that it is a bleak and dreary region. Yet this is the pass which Dorothy Wordsworth describes so delightfully, and which affixed itself in Wordsworth's brooding memory. Among the poems

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which have been ascribed to a tour in Scotland, many years later, in 1831, is one entitled *Rest and be thankful at the Head of Glencroe:*

> Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
> Who, that has gained at length the wished for Height,
> This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
> And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
> With some loved friend or by the unseen Hawk
> Whistling to clouds and skyborn streams that shine
> At the sun's outbreak as with light divine.

These lines probably embody impressions absorbed on that beautiful autumn evening which Dorothy Wordsworth depicts as she and her brother attained the highest point of the glen, rather than the thoughts of later years.[1] Presumably they would leave the stone and move along the level bit of road which is the beginning of the descent to Glen Kinglass, and then "We saw the western sky a glorious mass of clouds uprising from a sea of distant mountains, stretched out in length before us towards the west, and close by us was a small lake or tarn. From the reflection of the crimson clouds the water appeared of a deep red, like melted rubies, yet with a mixture of grey or blackish hue; the gorgeous light of the sky, with the singular color of the lake made the scene exceedingly romantic." Wordsworth and his sister so resembled each other in mind and temperament that one feels she describes as much his as her impressions of the evening in these mountain solitudes, Johnson's "bleak and dreary region," to him quite uninspiring. It is true that Johnson crossed the pass in wind and rain, and that the Wordsworths saw it in fine weather, but it will be remembered that when Johnson rested, in a charming noontide, near Glen Elg, the scenery around him was no more attractive than was the summit of Glencroe on a wild autumn day.

E. S. Roscoe.

[1] Wordsworth does not himself state when he wrote these lines. I have some doubt whether he and his daughter went to Glencroe in 1831. It is said in Knight's *Life* that they returned from Mull to Kellin, Glencroe and Loch Lomond. Glencroe is not in the route from Kellin to Loch Lomond.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MEMOIRS OF A STYLIST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

As you put down Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's story of his literary life, you may recall that perfect line spoken by the gifted Miss Fanny Brice in her impersonation of Camille, the pearl of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies:* "I may not have been a good woman, Armand, but I've been awful good company." Of course we have no thought of insinuating any reflection upon Mr. Hueffer's personal or civic virtue; but he would be the first to admit, nay, he would, and does, trumpet the fact, that, from the point of view of conventional æsthetic probity, he has been joyously and flagrantly irregular—a critical, philosophical, and creative rebel against every traditional *cliché* and prepossession. And as to his being singularly good company, the reported testimony of Joseph Conrad, Henry James, and others, is there to prove it. The reports come *via* Mr. Hueffer himself, so there can be, naturally, no question of their indubitable authenticity.

Mr. Hueffer admits with impressive candor that he has not been, as a poet, adequately recognized by the public. But it is a fate that he shares with Keats and Tennyson. "How many complete volumes of Keats," he wonders, "have been sold since Adonais died? A million? How many *hundreds* of millions of Anglo-Saxons have gone to the grave since that day? How many readers could Tennyson be sure of? 60,000? I do not believe it." Mr. Hueffer suffers a like inexplicable neglect. "For myself," says he, "I used in my time to be as much belauded in the press as any verse-writer of us all." But what was he to Hecuba? What use, after all, are publicity and réclame and the tributes of discerning critics to fine work? "I do not believe," he tells us, "that any volume of verse by myself has found as many as 2,000 purchasers." It seems impossible.

[1] *Thus to Revisit: Some Reminiscences.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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But, as we began by saying, Mr. Hueffer has enjoyed that most exquisite of rewards, the appreciation of his colleagues, brother poets, brother fictionists, brother critics—his peers, in fact: though these, necessarily, are not many. Mr. Hueffer was in sore need of such informed appreciation. He was very lonely during the later 'nineties. "I think," he says, "I used to be alone among English-born writers in worrying, in bothering my head, primarily, about the 'how' of writing"—about verbal color, and cadence, and euphony, and *le mot juste*, he means. He was enormously preoccupied with "the simple expression of fine shades". Naturally, he was almost unique in the England of that day. Of course there was Conrad—but Conrad was not English-born; neither was Henry James, nor W. H. Hudson, nor George Moore. You might think that they contributed something to the history of English prose; but since they were born out of England, they don't count. For the same reason, of course, there is nothing in the stubborn popular impression that César Franck contributed matter of high consequence to the music of France: for César Franck was born in Belgium. So Mr. Hueffer, lonely and unread, tended with passionate devotion the slowly maturing sprout of English prose in the late 'nineties.

In those days he was collaborating with Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Hueffer remarks playfully that Mr. Conrad used to tell him that he "could not write". But you know, later, with a surge of relief, that this was only friendly jocosity on Mr. Conrad's part: for does not Mr. Hueffer tell us about that letter he received from Mr. Conrad in 1897, in which the author of *Lord Jim* invited him to collaborate with him? It came about in this way: Mr. Conrad had consulted the prickly but generous W. E. Henley concerning his difficulties with English prose, and had said to Henley: "Why should I not find as collaborator the finest English Stylist?" Mr. Conrad's letter of invitation to Mr. Hueffer was, we learn, the result of Henley's recommendation. Of course Mr. Hueffer is deprecatory in recounting this stirring bit of literary history; but he contrives, nevertheless, to get it before the jury—which, perhaps, was what he wanted.

Those must have been wonderful and rewarding years that he and Conrad spent together, ostensibly collaborating, but really

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discussing without end the problems of literary craftsmanship. "Buried deep in rural greennesses," they used to ask each other how, exactly, such and such an effect of light and shade should be produced in very simple words. They read Flaubert, of course —tirelessly, insatiably. Occasionally they turned aside and dipped into Stephen Crane, becoming enthusiastic over a phrase such as "the waves were barbarous and abrupt." Or they would go together to Rye and have tea with Henry James.

Mr. Hueffer confesses that it was he who was most preoccupied with the expression of fine shades. Mr. Conrad seems to have been indifferent to the acquirement of this desirable art, and you wonder idly why it is that he seems to write, to-day, rather well. Was he inattentive while Mr. Hueffer, "the finest English Stylist" (Mr. Hueffer spells it with a capital S, as of course it deserves to be spelt), was initiating him into the subtleties of English prose? One gets that impression. For Mr. Hueffer says that while he, the Initiator, was engrossed in the heart-breaking difficulties of English composition,—striving, specifically, for "a non-literary vocabulary,"—the carefree Mr. Conrad was seeking "a New Form for the Novel". So let us study the spectacle of Mr. Hueffer engaged in his thrilling quest—a quest "for a formula for the *Mot Juste*" [Mr. Hueffer has an eighteenth-century passion for capitalization: it is almost his only bow to the Past].

Here, says Mr. Hueffer, was the way the literary world of those days presented itself to his view: "On the one hand was the respectable journal, critic, or author whose desire was to make a not difficult living. On the other side of the fence were those literary alchemists who aim at attaining immortality by means of jewels five words long. The respectable journal could not wish to be forced to use any more actual verbiage than the *cliché* phrase—the phrase that has been mumbled so over and over by tired jaws that you can write it half asleep and 'peruse' it without disturbance during the degustation of your post-prandial port. Speakers according to this dialect are always 'cordially received'; they 'do not anticipate a large exodus of Jews to Palestine'; they oppose one thing or another on the grounds that the proposals are 'novel and of far-reaching character'. The Critics and supporters of these Respectabilia did not object to the fabri-

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cators of the jewels five words long, because when such a jewel has been a jewel long enough, it can be imported into diurnal columns and be hallowed as a *cliché*. But they *did* object—and very wildly—to *le mot juste*. . . . *Le mot juste* meant 'every word a sparkler'. That was a conception that appalled our friends."

Well, we all know that jargon—the jargon of Congressional oratory and Inaugural Addresses and official Lives and the more expensive kind of newspaper editorials. It is a wonder that Mr. Hueffer was bothered by this sort of thing, which most writers who have a preference for athletic English pay no more attention to than a race-horse pays to the cows at the side of the track. The absurdity of mentioning such literary droning in the same breath with talk about *le mot juste*—the absurdity of regarding it at all in any discussion of the art of English prose—does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Hueffer. It is as if one should turn aside, in the course of a discussion of the art of writing for a string quartet, to sputter angrily over the style of *The Rosary* or one of the anthems of Sir John Stainer. But Mr. Hueffer really seems to think that he was faced by a genuine literary dilemma: he saw, on the one hand, the writers who say that they "do not anticipate a large exodus of Jews to Palestine"; on the other hand, the writers who deal in "jewels five words long"—though what sort of writer Mr. Hueffer means to indicate by this latter characterization we have no idea. "A woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of stars" might perhaps be called a quadruple cluster of "jewels five words long". Certainly it is reprehensibly gorgeous; yet we had supposed that it, and a thousand other passages of which it is typical, were fair examples of good English prose.

But it seems not. For we learn a while later that what Mr. Hueffer was aiming to achieve was prose written "as simply as the grass grows". He wished to become master of a style so simple that you would notice it no more than you notice the unostentatious covering of the South Downs. "Our most constant preoccupation was to avoid words that stuck out of sentences either by their brilliant unusualness or their amazing aptness." That, admittedly, is an excellent ideal for any writer.

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No one but a literary fop spends his time hunting for words that will "stick out of sentences", unless he is amusing himself, or unless the word, unusual or not, happens to be the most precise expression of his thought. Not all admirable writers, however, seem to care for the grass-grown style. Mr. W. H. Hudson works in it, with beautiful effect; but it is not invariable with him: there are many passages in *The Purple Land*, for instance, the style of which is about as inconspicuous as a garden of hollyhocks and larkspurs. And when someone in that once estimable piece of English prose, the King James Version, wrote of the horse that God had "clothed his neck with thunder," he used a five-word jewel that sticks out of his sentence with so blazing a magnificence that you are not likely to forget it as long as you live. There is something, after all, perhaps not better, but at least more wonderful, than writing like the grass, and that is writing like a genius.

Nevertheless, it is disheartening to observe, in Mr. Hueffer's own practice, that he has been untrue to his declared principles as a stylist. He speaks of having "*flagitiously* forgotten" to mention someone. Now *flagitiously* is a worthy and useful word, and it happens not to possess any "brilliant unusualness" for some of us who are zestful and inquisitive students of the English tongue. But we will wager that even so avid an educationalist as Mr. Edison could not tell, on reading Mr. Hueffer's book, what the word means without looking it up. For Mr. Edison is not by trade a writer, and people whose craft is not the nerve-racking one of trying to turn thoughts into their most exact equivalents for print are not likely to bother with words like *flagitiously*. They are much more likely to say "flagrantly" or "criminally" or "scandalously" or "outrageously," or something that does not mean quite the same thing, and be content; though *flagitiously* was a better word for Mr. Hueffer's purpose, because it combines all of those meanings and several others besides.

However, we are not going to quarrel with Mr. Hueffer because he uses words that stick out of his sentences by reason of their "brilliant unusualness", but because he exhibits the far more depressing fault of using words that obtrude by their ineptitude and their inexpressiveness. There would be no special occasion for

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pointing this out, were it not for the fact that Mr. Hueffer represents himself as the savior of English prose in his time: as the one man in the England of the late 'nineties who cared ardently for fine English, and who knew how to achieve it. It is asking too much to expect the awed recipient of these communications to take them at their face value when he finds their author doing the sort of things that Mr. Hueffer does again and again in this book. Mr. Hueffer calls himself blithely "an innovating purist". But what are you to say to a man who hands you his card with "innovating purist" written on it, and then proceeds to talk to you like this: "Until *that* date I had been usually treated by reviewers to praise *that* you might have called fulsome—and *that* for writing *that* was exactly similar in tone to *that* of the James book; analytical stuff *that* was not particularly good, but *that*, rather vaguely and without great purpose or vigor, now and then illuminated. . . ." etc., etc. [our italics.] "If *that* is Apollo Belvidere," said Mr. Clyde Fitch's unforgettable Mrs. Perkins, gazing upon the statue, "give me Perkins." If *that* is purism, give me corruption! the flabbergasted reader might well exclaim after struggling through this sentence of Mr. Hueffer's, and many another equally cluttered with verbal weeds and underbrush. And there is that extraordinary group of sentences (the curious may find it on page 91 of his book) in which Mr. Hueffer's vocabulary fails him so tragically that he can think of no epithet to express his emotions except the adjective *immense*, which he uses six times on one page. And what are you to think of a writer, coyly commended to our notice as "the finest Stylist in England", who sends to press a sentence like this: "You are not progressively highly cultured if you insist on having your food brought to table in dishes succulent;" a writer who can speak soberly of "lady representatives"?

The trouble with Mr. Hueffer, of course, is, first, that he is quite humorless, and, secondly, that he has no more business to be writing pontifically about English prose as a fine art—or even a merely utilitarian art—than a groundhog would have to dogmatize about meteorology simply because he has some reputation as a barometer. There is no reason, of course, why Mr. Hueffer should write admirable prose, or even good prose. It is no one's

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duty to treat English as an art—indeed, it is largely a waste of time to do so. There is an almost microscopic market for fine prose; there is an immense and flourishing one for bad prose. Mr. Harold Bell Wright and Dr. Frank Crane are read by multitudes; Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Max Beerbohm by a handful. We do not hold it against Mr. Hueffer that he is willing to publish phrases like "lady representatives", and "progressively highly cultured", and "brought to table in dishes succulent". It is every man's right to utter his thoughts in banal and slovenly English; and Mr. Hueffer's English is often as crude and fly-specked as a railroad lunch-counter. We would never have mentioned the fact if Mr. Hueffer had not seen fit to come before his readers in *Thus to Revisit* as a master of exemplary prose. If he were amusing or gaily impudent in his incredible conceit, one might easily rejoice in him; but he is merely shrill and bumptious, and that is not easily to be borne.

We realize that it is a dangerous matter to criticize Mr. Hueffer. You run the risk of setting yourself down in his eyes as one of those "Typical Critics" whom he so deliciously pins upon his card of literary specimens. This Typical Critic remains "dominantly Victorian". He wears habitually a butterfly collar, a well-brushed dark-blue Melton overcoat, and a bowler hat of conservative lines. He is Editor of the *Literary Journal*, adviser to three leading publishers, admires Alexandre Dumas père as a stylist, has no use for *Les Jeunes*, and is, generally speaking, "the safe critic of Anglo-Saxondom, a literary politician, ready to hound to death any Keats whom he might suspect of being allied to some anti-Court Party . . . ready to kill *any* new poet with a sneer." And he is adept at playing safe. Especially, says Mr. Hueffer, "he would like to abolish *me*, and, when this book falls under his reviewing hands, will seek to do so".

Lest we ally ourselves with this horrifying type, we hasten to declare that we would not abolish Mr. Hueffer if we could. We found his matter, apart from his manner, uncommonly rewarding and admirable. He has courage, candor, insight, flexibility, a singular vividness in projecting a condition, an experience, a personality, a picture, which comes through and registers in spite of the sometimes execrable style that has to serve as its medium.

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He is exhilaratingly untrammelled by prepossessions or taboos or genteel academic reverences. He has small use for the literary stuffed-shirt, for the pompous and sterile Respectabilities who are mere chair-warmers of the seats of the mighty, and who exert themselves only to obstruct and obscure: who do not know that the contemporary scene is vibrant with new life, and that they themselves are dead. He is not afraid to throw bricks and barbs and hand-grenades (in the effectually ruthless manner which he learned at the Front from 1914 to 1918) at these able and threatening adversaries.

Mr. Hueffer says that he has been called "the only critic in England"; we are prepared to be convinced, though we are still on the fence. It may also be that Mr. Hueffer is, as he says Mr. Ezra Pound says, "one of the only four poets in the world"—let us guess: Mr. Pound, Mr. Hueffer . . . who can the other two be? We must take Mr. Pound's word for it, for we have not read Mr. Hueffer's verse. But we like him best of all when he is exhibiting one of those half malicious, half affectionate portraits of his friends which are scattered through his book.

Is it possible that anyone—even that egregious thing, a Typical Critic—could wish to "abolish" anyone who can convey the hue of truth so memorably as Mr. Hueffer often does? Almost we forgive him, because of his vivacity and charm in portraiture, for being (as they say in Holland) so "very fine-stylished".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

PREPARATIONS for the Conference on Limitation of Armament proceed with the same fine discretion and seriousness of purpose that marked the act of the President in inviting the other Great Powers to what may well prove to be the most profitable international congress the world has known. It is not too much to say that not one false step has been taken, not one false word has been spoken, by those in responsible authority. There were some attempts, indeed, by those who were neither responsible nor authoritative, to make the Conference appear to be committed to courses which would have discredited and defeated it in advance. Chief of these was the persistent effort to make it popularly known as a "Disarmament Conference," which may have been merely stupid but which really seemed at times to be inspired by a malicious desire to misrepresent it, to arouse and to encourage expectations that it would undertake something which was in fact never contemplated, and thus to bring reproach and condemnation upon it for its failure to realize an utterly false standard. This was finally baffled by a note of sharp rebuke and correction from the Secretary of State. Another mischievous thing was the demand, somewhat blatantly put forward, that the American members of the Conference should be representatives not of the whole nation but of certain classes, federations and what not. This was admirably met and disposed of by the President in appointing four men who, probably above any other four that could have been selected, were meritoriously and authoritatively representative of the whole nation and its Government, without regard to section, class, or any other special interest.

The wisdom of confining the Conference to the five Great Powers is so obvious as to be challenged by none save a few who, with strange fatuity, attempt to contrast it to its disadvantage

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with the much more numerous League of Nations. The chief result of that attempt is, of course, self-stultification; for while the League nominally consists of forty-odd members, it is notorious that all real power is reserved for a Big Five. The difference between the two is that the League is a close corporation of a few Powers assuming to dictate to all the rest, while the Conference at Washington will be a combination of a few Powers attending strictly to their own business. The logic of this restriction of the Conference is impregnable. The only Powers qualified to deal with the question of armament are the armed Powers. That is axiomatic. "Let Messieurs the Assassins begin!" was the shrewd response to a demand for abolition of the death penalty. If the world is to be freed from the burden of vast armaments, it must be by the action of the Powers which have such armaments. Moreover, from either the militant or the irenic point of view, these five are—with all respect for the others—the only Powers that really count, for the purposes now in view. They would have, if it were desired so to do, sufficient physical strength to impose peace upon all the world. So long as they remain at peace, there can be nothing like a world war, nor one that could seriously and widely affect the welfare of the human race. If they find and agree upon a basis for the limitation of armaments on sea and land, we may be sure that there will be no development of bloated armaments elsewhere.

Wise, too, is the Conference in its restriction of its agenda to a few practical subjects, relating to means at least as much as to the end to be attained. In this respect it presents a noteworthy contrast to some of those former gatherings with which it is almost inevitably to be compared. First of these, naturally, was the Holy Alliance, of a century ago; following, like this, the greatest war that Europe had thus far known, and consisting, like this, of a few Powers. Its essential faults were, in contrast to this Conference, that its principles were hopelessly vague and its practices entirely sordid. It aimed to have the world governed according to the principles of the Christian religion; though there was no subject on which men generally—and particularly the men at the head of those Powers—more radically and passionately disagreed

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than that of what those principles were. It proceeded in effect to attempt to dominate and oppress other nations in order to serve the selfish interests of its own members. Another great international conclave was the Congress of Berlin, in 1878; which was one of the most cynically self-seeking and unscrupulous bodies that ever did homage to the principle "You tickle me and I'll tickle you!"—a congress which was the fecund source of the majority of the international bickerings, jealousies and wars which have since scourged Europe, and which could scarcely have been a more perfect *agent provocateur* of the World War if it had been called and conducted for that sole purpose. The two Peace Congresses at The Hague also demand consideration. They led to more results of practical beneficence to the world than any other such meetings which the world has thus far known, and failed to accomplish still more because of the very faults which the present gathering has avoided—the faults of comprising too many nations and of attempting to do too many different things. These latter faults reached their fullest and deadliest development in the late Paris Conference and the League of Nations which it created; aiming to include everybody and to attempt everything. The Conference this month at Washington will differ from its predecessors in consisting solely of interested, qualified and efficient Powers, in aiming at only a few specific and pertinent objects, and in seeking to attain those objects not by taking a blind "leap in the dark" toward them regardless of all that may intervene, but by "doing the next thing" with scrupulous attention to each successive step and means by which the end is to be reached.

"If you do not button the first button," said Goethe, "you will never succeed in buttoning up your coat." However far this Conference may or may not go, it purposes to begin by buttoning the first button.

The attitude of the League of Nations toward the Conference has been significant, as manifested during the meeting at Geneva held simultaneously with the making of the preparations for the gathering at Washington. On the part of some conspicuous delegates there was an air of dejection, of almost querulous complaint,

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and, it is to be feared, of ill-concealed jealousy. Non-participation by the United States was again charged with responsibility for the weakness of the League and its failure to accomplish more; and a feeling of pessimism concerning the future of the League, even as a moral force, was not to be disguised. On the other hand there were those who frankly recognized the right of the United States to stand aloof from the League and to call a conference according to its own designs, and who cordially wished success to the Conference, as an enterprise seeking the same end as the League though by a different way. Most significant of all was the final determination of the League to undertake no action looking to the reduction or limitation of naval armaments, but to leave that matter entirely to the Conference at Washington, which was thus conceded to be better fitted and more efficient to deal with it than the League.

Proverbial "neatness and dispatch" marked the disposition of the Mandate problem. Changes had been rung for months upon the unfortunate loss which the United States had suffered through not ratifying the Treaty of Versailles, and in thus being excluded from any interest or rights in the vast series of mandates which the League had given over former German and Turkish territories. After the iteration of this folly had sufficiently run its course, our Government very quietly but very firmly and convincingly reminded the world that declining to ratify one treaty did not automatically abrogate another treaty; that by abstaining from membership in the League of Nations the United States has not renounced nor forfeited any of the rights under treaties or international law which it previously possessed; and that since the United States essentially contributed to the winning of the war and thus to enabling the establishment of those mandates, it was entitled to have and would insist upon having a voice in the administration of them. If any opposition has been offered to this logical and just requirement, information thereof has not yet been imparted to the world. Thus the sum total of the much-exploited disadvantages, losses and sacrifices which this country was to suffer through not ratifying the Treaty of Versailles expeditiously approaches the vanishing point.

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More and more the Latin American countries appear to be losing their illusions concerning the League of Nations, and to be turning back toward the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Congress of 1824. At the recent Geneva meeting Bolivia sought the intervention of the League for the settlement of her long-standing controversy with Chili over the Pacific Coast frontage of which the latter country deprived her as a consequence of war; a demand based upon the principle enunciated by President Wilson in his contention, in his "Fourteen Points", that Poland—and therefore Bolivia, argued the representatives of that country—should have free and secure access to the sea. The Chilian representative promptly announced that, on the basis of Article XXI of the Covenant—the Monroe Doctrine article—Chili would dispute and refuse to recognize the right of the League thus to meddle with a purely American matter. In the face of this, remembering Argentina's withdrawal from the meetings of the Assembly last year, and seeing that already eight Latin American countries were absenting themselves from this year's meeting, the League prudently refrained from intervening, but, with Chili's careless assent, referred to a commission the question whether it had any right to take action in the matter. If the decision is affirmative, it is assumed that instead of intervening *per se* the League will content itself with recommending that the disputants refer the case to the International Court of Justice which it is now establishing. To that Chili may or may not assent. We recall that the first case presented to the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was the purely American dispute between the United States and Mexico over the Pious Fund. It is one thing to have European arbitrators or jurists adjudicate an American controversy; it would be quite another thing to have a European political combination meddle and dictate in American affairs. The postlude to this episode at the Geneva assembly was the blunt declaration by the Colombian delegate that his country would hasten to seek membership in a new association of nations on the basis set forth by President Harding, should the United States take the lead in its formation, and his expression of belief that all the other republics of South and Central America would do the same.

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An auspicious step toward closer relationships between the United States and its southern neighbors was taken by the Pan-American Postal Congress at Buenos Aires, in agreeing that each country should be free to fix its own foreign postal rates, provided that they did not exceed a certain maximum. That, it is assumed, will mean in the near future reduction of our rate to those countries from five cents an ounce on letters to two cents. The former rate, now prevailing, is the maximum permitted by the agreement; the latter is not only our domestic rate but also our rate to Mexico, Cuba, Panama, the Dutch West Indies, Santo Domingo, and all parts of the British Empire throughout the world. It certainly seems illogical for us to send letters to Australia and South Africa for two cents, and charge five cents on those sent to Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. Reduction of rate would temporarily reduce postal revenue, but in a short time that loss would be more than recouped by the increase in mail matter carried and, more especially, in the increase of commercial and other relations which would thus be induced. A uniform postal rate of two cents among all countries in the Western Hemisphere would be a most pertinent and efficient corollary to the Monroe Doctrine. Another perhaps still more important step in the same direction would be the adoption of a uniform unit of monetary value. We should not expect any nation to give up its own design of coinage or of paper bills, or its own monetary nomenclature. But under different names and bearing different designs the various coins and bills could all be of equal value. Such a system was adopted many years ago by more than half a dozen nations of Europe, with advantageous results. France retained its franc, Spain its peseta, Italy its lira, Greece its drachma, Roumania its leu, but they were all made of precisely the same intrinsic value and thus indiscriminately interchangeable. The convenience and practical value of this arrangement, in commerce and in travelling, could scarcely be over-stated. Since measures of time, of temperature, of electrical force, and other important things, are uniform throughout the world, and the extending application of the metric system is making measures of distance, area, capacity and weight similarly uniform, it certainly seems to be time to consider a similar standardizing of monetary values.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles G. Dawes. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

As compared with the biggest kind of big business, the work of providing and distributing supplies for the Allied Armies in France stands out as a task of unprecedented magnitude and difficulty. The complexity of the factors involved, the immense importance depending upon decisions that had to be made quickly, the almost superhuman efforts required of all concerned, show that those behind the lines, no less than those at the front, were engaged in a desperate struggle, calling for all they had to give of nerve and brain, and that the situation could have been dealt with only by men of extraordinary ability and of unbounded devotion.

This book, then, *A Journal of the Great War*, may be called the epic of Charles Dawes; for though it is mainly a somewhat hurried record of day-to-day activities, a record often detailed and technical to a degree, the greatness of the theme, the tensity of feeling aroused by crisis after crisis, the heroic exertions described, make it a kind of epic in the rough. The book is not exactly fit for digestion by the average reader, but a Carlyle would find in it historic materials —materials of human nature, strong personality, great work—that would exercise his genius.

In June, 1917, soon after the United States declared war upon Germany, Charles Dawes, then fifty-one years of age, was commissioned as Major in the Engineers (17th Regiment, National Army). The Major, who happened to be a bank president, rode to Atlanta in a private car, but there was no suggestion of habituation to privilege or luxury in the way in which he devoted himself to the work of drilling and organizing. Within a month he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. Soon after his arrival in France, the Commander-in-Chief, his personal friend, made him General Purchasing Agent for the American Expeditionary Force in France. Subsequently he became a Colonel and then a Brigadier-General, but his military rank is not so important as the fact that he was the keystone of Allied coöperation behind the lines. From the first it was his object to make coördination in securing and purchasing supplies *inter-Ally*. In April, 1918, he addressed to General Pershing a letter urging the creation of the Military Board of Allied Supplies. The French readily accepted the principle of unification; the British authorities, though averse to what seemed to them a doubtful innovation, came into line by the beginning of June. Thus was set up an agency of the utmost importance in the winning of the war. "If we get the Service of Supply of the Allies in a firm military control,"

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wrote Dawes in May, "so as properly to use our resources, to match the military unification of control at the front, it will be the sure beginning of victory." After the creation of the Board, he rejoiced because "we can officially clear the way for common sense—the ultimate king of all successful wars—to have its day in the rear of the armies." Later he wrote: "The longer I am connected with our Military Board, the more I realize the tremendous advantage its earlier organization would have been to the Allied armies, even before America entered the war."

The work with which General Dawes was more or less directly concerned as Purchasing Agent may be measured by its results. The Purchasing Board saved approximately ten million ship tons in transportation from the United States—through what strenuous planning and difficult negotiations, it requires a book even partially to tell. But the duties of the American member of the Military Board of Supplies are even more eloquent of strain and distraction. On one day, the securing of an order to the French Army, "through which it is hoped that we shall secure a larger number of German prisoners at the points where French and American troops act in conjunction"; on another, a conference with M. Tardieu, "relative to the method to be pursued in coördination of wireless apparatus behind the lines—programmes, codes, etc." There is no end to the variety of problems to be considered, crises crowding one upon another, plans to be made in view of a future concerning which nothing was certain except that preparation could not exceed requirements.

Coördination itself is an obvious idea; the difficulty is to apply it. Nothing is more contrary to human nature than coöperation requiring any considerable relinquishment of authority, real or nominal, on the part of the coöperators. "I am thankful," wrote Dawes in June, "that when we started, nearly sixty days ago, this effort to coördinate the rear of the armies, we did not realize the enormous obstacles in the way of it, having their root in individual selfishness and ambition. When a man looks at a proposition involving the common interest only from the standpoint of how it will affect his own authority, he is a hard man to persuade—in fact, you cannot persuade him. The only way you can move him is so to expose his opposition to reason to all those about him in official position that his self-clogged soul suddenly realizes that if it longer opposes reason it will be hurt more than by acquiescing in it." Thus, there was continual need of resolution, of unconventional brusqueness; of the ability to "dissipate the formal atmosphere which the weak always allow to retard their purposes"; of the exercise of "power with patience"; and above all, of that persistence in direct and forcible statement which is necessary to make sound reason prevail even against honest opposition. And so it results that by putting together General Dawes's incidental remarks about his work one could construct a discourse quite equal in wisdom to Bacon's essay on *Despatch*.

To the author himself, the most important conclusions to be derived from his experience seem to be those connected with the principles of army purchase and supply; his second volume contains a valuable monograph on the subject.

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In brief, he found that, great as is the value of coördination, independent departmental purchase is a necessity in war time—business principles being of limited application because the aims of war and of business are utterly different. In this matter the author's conclusions are of the highest authority and afford a solid basis for future organization, should such organization on a huge scale ever again become necessary—as perhaps it may! But apart from this, General Dawes's book is destined to be much quoted and often referred to because it contains materials for a just measurement and true appreciation of the administrative work accomplished by Americans in France.

LIFE OF VENIZELOS. By S. B. Chester. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are few men now living whose biographies one would begin to read with more curiosity and interest than that of Venizelos. To say nothing of the fact that his career is, as Mr. Chester remarks, "the most amazing political romance of our time," the man's character and abilities have made a profoundly favorable impression upon public opinion outside the former enemy countries. We have high authority, moreover, for considering the popular estimate of him correct. When Venizelos was a young advocate in Crete, M. Clemenceau predicted that in a few years the whole of Europe would be speaking of him. Prince Lichnowsky declared that he was easily "the most distinguished personality" at the Balkan Conference of 1912–1913. President Wilson is said to have rated Venizelos highest in personal ability of all the delegates assembled at the Peace Conference in Paris.

Curiosity tends to centre especially upon that earlier period in the life of Venizelos which is not a part of the history of the war. But unfortunately the very nature of the subject makes this portion of the story obscure. Crete, before annexation, seems to have been not so much a country as an international problem; its politics were a welter of more or less blind antagonisms and religious animosities, Turkish corruption, insurrectionary movements, diplomatic fumblings, tentative interventions. It is not at all easy to see, in all this, what is important and what is not; and the author's style is somewhat less competent than that of Grote—as no doubt his sources are in some ways less clear.

We have first a succession of Turkish governors, and the usual story of Turkish maladministration, very slightly tempered by protest, and with the ordinary accompaniment of assassinations. The one thing clear about the Cretan people is that all who are Christians long for union with Greece. At last the protecting Powers are brought to the point of sanctioning the appointment of Prince George of Greece as High Commissioner of the island. Compared with Turkish misrule, the sway of the High Commissioner is bland and beneficent. But the Cretans desire annexation as passionately as the Irish long for independence. Prince George, moreover, turns out to be the usual princely egoist

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—well intentioned in his way, but ostentatious and incompetent. He shows a tendency toward a kind of petty absolutism, he interferes with the freedom of the press, influences the elections, and disgusts people by the paternalism of his government. Venizelos has to remonstrate against his proposal to build a palace on the island. The High Commissioner heartily sympathizes with the popular desire for annexation, but wants all the credit for himself, and thinks he can accomplish the desired end through his family connections. He makes a round of visits to European courts. His worst fault, however, the narrative makes it appear, is that he falls out with Venizelos.

Venizelos announces a plan to make Crete a Principality after the analogy of certain Balkan States—this as a step toward annexation. But he is generally misunderstood, and the High Commissioner, seeing his advantage, denounces the plan as unconstitutional and ill advised, and deprives Venizelos of power. That wily politician soon sees the wisdom of advocating annexation outright; he has no intention of tying his political fortunes to a particular programme. Soon we see Venizelos in revolution at Therisso, where he and his friends adopt a platform of which the principal plank is—annexation.

In this Therisso episode, it is difficult not to see something gravely comic. It is impossible not to feel that the narrative, because not sufficiently interpretative, does not do full justice to Venizelos, leaving the reader to imagine him as just what the author says he was not—a "careerist", a man constitutionally in opposition.

For lack of interpretation, too, American minds may find difficulty in conceiving the circumstances under which Venizelos was called to power in Greece. The Greek Military League demands the expulsion of Prince Constantine and his brothers from the army; there is military rising in Athens and then a naval mutiny. The government is paralyzed, and Venizelos, fresh from his successful defiance of Greek authority in the person of Prince George, is summoned to Athens as a mediator. Does not this impress one a little as if the United States, unable to cope with insubordination in the army and navy—supposing such a thing possible—should call in General Obregon to take charge of affairs? Doubtless the matter wears this curious aspect only because at this distance we cannot readily appreciate the instability of the Greek situation or the manner in which Venizelos loomed up. Doubtless he was all the time the far-sighted statesman placing the true value upon issues petty in appearance and finding opportunities for future great accomplishments in what might seem purely factional strife. But one wishes that the author had been able so to describe the political settting that one might see more of the woods and less of the trees.

A great statesman Venizelos unequivocally appears to be in the Greek portion of the narrative. The story of the man who created the Balkan League, made Greater Greece a reality, represented true Greek sentiment and real Greek interests in spite of a pro-German King, is well and clearly told, though the recent fall of Venizelos from power is left unexplained. Everywhere, how-

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ever, the man's strong judgment, his phenomenal will, his power of dealing with "impossible" situations, are clearly apparent. It is worth noting that Venizelos was a supporter of monarchy so far as monarchy meant stability. He has been criticized for not stirring up a revolution when on October 5, 1918, he was forced by the King to resign, though he had a majority in the Chamber. "But those who have made this criticism," said he, "seem to be lacking in psychological insight. No man is changed in twenty-four hours from the responsible adviser of a country with a regularly established form of government into a revolutionary leader. . . . But even if this could be regarded as an accusation aimed at me on the ground that I did not prove to be a man of quick decision, I should still have to answer that it was impossible for me to follow any other course than the one I did. At that moment it was not possible for me to make a stand for the liberties of the State. Such a contest would have provoked a civil war."

BACK TO METHUSELAH. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

A prophet is a person with a simple but terrifying message, a critic whose comments upon his contemporaries are unsparing to the verge of abusiveness, a preacher unconventional enough to shock his hearers and visionary enough to inspire them. This, if not a satisfactory definition, is a fair description—and it applies to Shaw.

His message, in *Back to Methuselah*, is the simple and terrifying one that evolution is *creative*, and that the same power which created mankind can and will destroy it and put something better in its place, if the human species proves inadequate. It is a message which places upon every person a kind of cosmic responsibility. His satire, ranging over human life from the Garden of Eden to the confines of an incomprehensible future, exposes forgivable human weakness or inexcusable imbecility, in no despairing mood, but with a kind of cheerfulness and zest which can be felt only by one who has a disagreeable mission from on high. Crabbed or gentle, subtle and dexterous or comic with an extravagance bordering on horseplay, he damns human nature with a grin and at the same time proclaims its inherent greatness. His visions, if not beautiful, at least go far toward convincing one that the human race can do what it will.

Any competent imaginative writer could build up an entire new order of things upon the supposition that certain human beings in some way acquired the power of living for three hundred years or more. Only Shaw could perceive that the long-lived ones would be shy of second marriages, that they would get into trouble with the pension authorities, that the prospect of long life would increase the horror of rheumatism; or could have foreseen the effect upon the short-lived people of the thought that they too might be of the elect. Only he could have worked the play into such a shape that he could make a Chinese "Chief Secretary" tell a British "President", with entire convincingness and with assured superiority, that he was nothing but a good-natured barbarian,

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congenitally incapable of understanding the art of government. The thing takes every conceivable turn, and it all seems true.

But when we reach the last of the five plays which make up the book—the one called *As Far as Thought Can Reach*—we get into a region where satire becomes pessimism in spite of itself. Human progress is here conceived no otherwise than as a hypertrophy of intellect accompanied by an atrophy of feeling. It is a shrewd and deep stroke which reveals all art as essentially a matter of playing with dolls; but the long-lived "ancients" of this play are really almost as distressing as the Struldburgs—those unhappy immortals imagined by Swift. They are so aimless that despite their vast powers they appear to be in a kind of terrible second childhood. The trouble seems to be that Shaw conceives the creative will, not as inner self and inner law in one, but as a kind of cosmic magic that may be used for the satisfaction of whim. Hence it is seen to be as lawless and cruel as the justly despised "Circumstantial Selection" of the non-creative evolutionists. Aimlessness strikes one as no better than mechanism.

Exaggeration, which is of the essence of the comic method, is illuminating up to a certain point, but breaks down and proves misleading when it deals with final questions. Comedy, the great revealer of human nature to itself, cannot conceive problems of destiny, and when forced to make the attempt imagines monstrosities, mere distorted figures, neither amusing nor significant.

THE MASTER OF MAN. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

There is no question, of course, about Hall Caine's new novel being melodrama. It has even the superficial marks—to such an extent that just as one has yielded to the appeal of a tale which—melodramatic or not—is well plotted and "strong", one is jarred by some such cliché as, "Not a leaf stirred." But it will not do to be merely supercilious. There is a real question about this novel—namely, Does its being *spiritual* melodrama make it better or worse?

The pivotal character of the story is Victor Stowell, son of a much respected and justice-loving Manx deemster, or judge. Victor falls in love with Fenella Stanley, the Governor's daughter—an angelic young woman; but during her long absence from the island, he commits an indiscretion with a young peasant girl, Bessie Collister. His honorable traditions constrain him to marry Bessie, but first he sends her to live with some elderly maiden ladies who undertake her education. Then two things happen, both seemingly fortunate for Victor: Fenella comes home and falls as deeply in love with him as he with her; and his best friend, Alick Gell, falls in love with Bessie. A little blind on the moral side, he conceals from Alick the fact of Bessie's misstep, and with a blindness less easy to understand, he is quite unprepared for what follows. Bessie is at

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her mother's house when her child is born. In fear of her cruel step-father, she half intentionally, half by accident, stifles the infant. Her attempts at concealment are unsuccessful, and she is arrested. Stowell, who has meanwhile been appointed to the office of Deemster, is placed in the dreadful situation of being obliged to preside at her trial. He hopes to get her off, but Fate is against him, and she is condemned. Unable to endure the prospect of her death at the hands of the law, he, the judge, arranges her escape from prison; and she and the faithful Gell leave the island on a tramp steamer, which, fortunately for stage purposes, is able to anchor near the castle where Bessie is confined. Then, of course, nothing is left for Stowell but public confession, after which Fenella marries him in prison.

Certainly no author has succeeded in involving his hero in a more terrible false position. Whether this is exactly the method of Providence in the punishment of sin and the salvation of souls, one must beg leave to doubt. That process by which the consequences of a man's fault are pyramided, as it were, until at last he is made to bear the responsibility of a great mass of grievous consequences and collateral misfortunes and misdeeds, seems hardly fair—and hence scarcely legitimate material for a moral tragedy. Of course, if there were anything in the character or circumstances of Stowell to make his fate especially appropriate, the case would be different. But the contrary is true; in fact, the sentiment aroused by the story depends in large measure upon an arbitrary and unreal contrast between Stowell's character and the things he does and suffers. He is not a weak man; he is carefully portrayed as a strong man from his youth up—hero through and through. In a word, he sins but to be saved—in the most approved manner, by Providence and a good woman.

In certain parts of *The Master of Man* there is evidence of an honest dramatic skill such as may raise ordinary melodrama above contempt as an entertainment. This is particularly true of the court scenes and of the escape. A certain simplicity and directness of style, and a rather thin though persuasive effect of primitiveness in the Manx environment, deepens the impression. But the novel as a whole is condemned by its sham inevitableness and its reckless idealizations.

MRS. FARRELL. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nothing could well seem more unpromising as a scene for a novel than an old-time New England farm boarding-house—a summer refuge filled with "old fogies, decayed gentles, and cultivated persons of small means". The life of such a place seems to have been necessarily trivial and insipid. Modern amusements had not been invented. The automobile was unheard of. Women trailed through woods and pastures in long skirts, collected flowers and ferns without the aid of "nature books", gossiped, went to church, painted cat-tails, and when all else failed had more or less interesting spells of ill-health. Men

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smoked and went fishing; it is not upon record that they did anything else to amuse themselves. In general, during their brief sojourns, they made no secret of their boredom.

It is easy to see how an unmitigated realist could make such a setting terribly dampening to the spirits. Howells himself almost did this in a later book, *The Vacation of the Kelwyns*. In this latter story nothing supports one except the author's philosophy and humane feeling.

But in *Mrs. Farrell* Howells is not an unmitigated realist, and he is at his best. His pleasantry plays with lively zest over the fatuities and commonplaces of the situation; but this sprightliness is not the chief distinction of the story; there is a difference of method between this novel and his later work. Whereas in *The Vacation of the Kelwyns* the author appears to *study* his characters (with sympathy, it is true) and to *observe* them, and whereas in that powerful narrative *The Leatherwood God* he with almost saintlike tolerance and sad insight studies human nature, in *Mrs. Farrell* (written in 1875, though now first published in book form) he is warmly imaginative. He interprets his characters, breathes the breath of life into them. The reader is made to feel their atmosphere, their interests, what it is that makes them go. This is because the author has put into the story the richness and resilience of his own personality —not merely the more or less inspired workings of his reason and conscience.

Later, there seems to have been a stiffening of his philosophy, and in time he came to feel (it seems a pity) that he could no longer write of love and mating. But here he betrays no consciousness of inner difficulties—even in writing of flirtation. In place of a too obtrusively guiding philosophy, we have a quick impressibility, transforming the commonplace, rendering it amusing or thrilling —precisely the sort of thing that makes a man the best of good company. Philosophy comes in only where it should—in guiding the course of the story and in the epilogue.

The charm is remarkable—it surrounds Mrs. Gilbert like an aura, so that one likes her and stands in a somewhat childlike awe of her, despite one's perception of her very human limitations; it triumphs over the artificiality of Mrs. Farrell, so that one likes her, too; it gives a mellowness to the rather terrifying morality of Easton, and relieves the stark idealism of the Damon and Pythias relation between him and Gilbert. It throws a glow over Mrs. Stevenson's painted cat-tails. It is the charm of the writer's personality—the secret of one who knew how to enter intimately, but always with the artist's detachment, into the lives of others, and so to create.

This infectious story is what every good novel should be—a victory over boredom; in other words, a reinforcement of life.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION

SIR:

It often happens in reading your very valuable publication, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that one article will seem to me to be of especial interest to one member of my scattered household, and another article to another member. I separate them from the magazine and mail them in various directions. Sometimes one article will overlap in the paging so that they cannot be separated. It has occurred to me to wish that each one might be printed in such a way that it could be detached without destroying the preceding or the following production. This method in a large issue would of course, require a considerably larger amount of paper, and therefore not be practical. However, I feel sure that you will not be inhospitable to the suggestion, and will infer from it, that I hold the periodical in high esteem.

ELIZABETH G. (MRS. M. WOOLSEY) STRYKER.

Rome, New York.

"OUR FEAR OF EXCELLENCE"

SIR:

If I had the awarding of a prize for the most worth while thing I have read this summer, it would go to Miss Margaret Sherwood for "Our Fear of Excellence" in the August REVIEW. Upon turning to your convenient word about contributors I was delighted to find she was the author of six books I have not read. I procured the "Worn Doorstep", and it was not disappointing. I hope Miss Sherwood continues her connection with Wellesley, as I have a small grand-daughter I should like to bring under her safe and sane influence.

I was not surprised that there was one who wrote a demurrer to the premises and conclusions of "Our Fear of Excellence". The demurring writer skimmed the surface, and found nothing but pessimism! I hope to see other articles by Miss Sherwood, and thank you for introducing me to this calm, deep thinker.

F. W. BARRETT.

Atlanta, Georgia.

FOLLOW THE PRESIDENT

SIR:

Nothing could have been more timely, as a corollary to President Harding's epoch-making call for disarmament than Mr. Vernon Kellogg's article on "The Simplicity of War" in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. The sad

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mess that we are in, he justly says, is "largely because of our own indecision and delay in positive action." Well, the President is certainly chargeable with no indecision or delay. With superb promptness and decision he has performed "positive action" of the most inspiring and auspicious character. He has thus done all that in him lies to do, to cause this nation and the world to act in peace as efficiently as in war. It now rests with Congress, and with those who control the business affairs of the nation, to follow his example in their respective provinces. Follow the President, and peace will be simpler than war.

CHARLES TITUS.

Trenton, N. J.

"LIGHT AND LEADING"—NOT DRIVING

SIR:

At the outset I wish it understood that Mrs. Cannon's article in your current issue is as searching as it is interesting and as true as it is fascinating. But Mrs. Cannon, who, I believe, is not merely a writer but an evangelist as well, makes a mistake common to evangelists. Though giving her reasons for the national weakness which considers optimism as the foundation of Americanism, though making it plain that she understands and perhaps forgives the weakness, she nevertheless raises her voice in protest, and, in vehemently proclaiming that the time for a changed mental attitude toward life has arrived, forgets her compassion and, instead of leading her hearers, begins to drive them.

America needs the mentor with a Cornelia Cannon mind, but will learn nothing from the Cornelia Cannon brand of teaching. As nations go we are much too young, much too prosperous, much too optimistic to mend our ways in the quick fashion urged by your contributor. Kindness, patience, sympathy and understanding are needed. Before Mrs. Cannon can bring her countrymen to her level she must first, for brief periods, descend to theirs. She must become more intimate with the president of the local Booster's Club, the local chamber of commerce, who not infrequently is rather proud of his intellectual attainments, to appreciate the type and to know it. Closer contact and a deeper sympathy will teach Mrs. Cannon that not all is lost yet, that not all is as bad as she seems to think it is, and that hope lies in leading and not in driving.

DONALD HUSTED.

East Orange, New Jersey.

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